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Published by James Cundee. Albion Press, London.

1805

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE

OF THE LATE

GEORGE MORLAND;

WITH

CRITICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

WHOLE OF HIS WORKS

HITHERTO BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

BY J. HASSELL.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

"HIS ART WAS NATURE." —— POPE.

ALBION PRESS PRINTED

PUBLISHED BY JAMES CUNDEE, IVY-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW;

AND C. CHAPPLE, PALL-MALL, LONDON.

1806.

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TO

CLAUDE SCOTT, ESQ. M.P.

SIR,

THE liberal Patronage which you have uniformly afforded to the various Branches of the Fine Arts, induces me to presume, that prefixing your Name to the Descriptive Account of the Works of a Man of Genius, will neither be deemed inapplicable nor obtrusive.

I am, Sir,

With all Respect,

Your most devoted, humble Servant,

J. HASSELL.

London, Nov. 20, 1805.

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PREFACE.

OF all the difficulties with which man has to encounter, that of commanding his ideas is, perhaps, one of the greatest,—by an involuntary impulse of nature, thought upon thought so rapidly flashes through the mind, that with every exertion of memory, we are often unable to recover the imagination of a past hour,—the exuberances of fancy, as they present themselves, must be committed to paper, or, like the fleeting shadows of the atmosphere, if ever they return, assume a varied form. A celebrated writer observes, "our ideas will not come when we please, and to retain them we must pen them while floating in the mind." It was in this manner the following sheets were composed;—if the system is mechanical, it is still necessary for retaining a faculty so volatile as the memory. Four years indisposition occasionally confined the writer hereof for weeks, and sometimes for months together, to his chamber: during the intervals from pain at these periods, and to employ his mind, he would indiscriminately take up various works from Mr. Morland's productions, and, as far as his experience and memory would serve him, compare the subject before him with the real object of delineation. This circumstance will naturally occasion many of the subsequent descriptions to wear the appearance of essays, yet it is hoped they will neither be found tedious nor uninteresting, as it has been a principle object to blend anecdote with moral sentiment; and, as it may, perhaps, be thought by some that the writer has been too sparing of technical terms, he deems it necessary to observe, that it was his earnest endeavour to adopt a plain and familiar

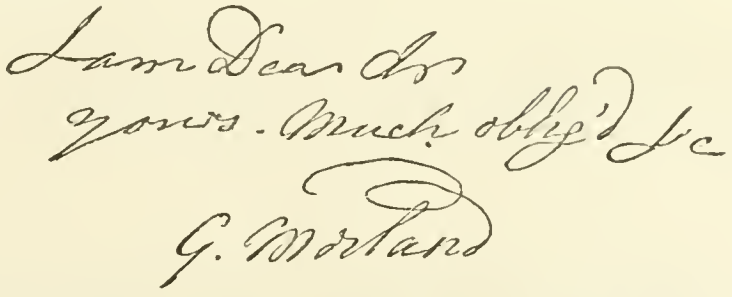
style, in order to render the whole as intelligible as possible to the generality of readers; should he have succeeded in this point, his wishes will be amply gratified.

As most part of the following pages necessarily abound with strictures on the merit of the artist whose productions are treated on, it would be superfluous in this place to enter more into particulars, than just to observe that the holding up to our notice the peculiar study of domestic scenery, seems to have been reserved for the pencil of Mr. Morland; and while the predominant taste exists which now characterizes his country's judgment, the works of that distinguished artist must meet the applause of every man possessing real discernment.

He was eminently conspicuous in giving true character to every object he pourtrayed, whether it was a tree, a figure, or even the most minute part of his subject, and justly bears away all competition in the representation of rural scenery. He had the art of avoiding the superfluous in his figures, and the happiest talent in producing the choicest specimens of our favorite tree the oak, in a manner purely original. His attempts were generally successful,—where he doubted he always referred back to the living object, and by this means his genius was invariably wedded to truth. It has been thought by many that he had no relish for classical subjects, but some of his early productions are in direct contradiction to this opinion;—and it was by one of those sudden impulses so natural to him, that he left the path which leads to the grand line, for a gratification he felt more inclination to indulge, by pursuing the picturesque delineations of rural scenery.

In order to prevent, as much as possible, the deceptions which are daily practised by those whose business it is to deceive, and mislead the unwary, by substituting a fictitious signature for an original, to the great injury of real merit, as well as to the encouragers thereof, it has been deemed proper to introduce, in this place, a fac-simile of the hand-writing of the late Mr. Morland, the original of which is in the possession of the publisher. This may, in some

degree, be the means of preventing those practices above alluded to, and serve also to confirm the opinion of many, who may not be perfectly acquainted with the true characters of his real signature.



The writer gratefully acknowledges the obligations he is under to many of his friends, for their assistance in the prosecution of this work, particularly to Mr. Lynn, who kindly permitted him to engrave the masterly sketches with which the work is illustrated; to Colonel Thornton, also; Mr. J. Palser; and Charles Chatfield, Esq. of the Morland Gallery, who possesses upwards of One Hundred of the choicest productions of this great artist; many of which are noticed in the course of the work, and at the end is added, by way of Appendix, a critical Catalogue of the whole of this valuable collection.

The Engravings above alluded to have been executed by the first artists, and are offered as a specimen of the talents of Morland in the respective subjects treated on.

The writer, therefore, respectfully submits his work to the attention of an impartial public, and rests upon their candour for a patronage he has sedulously endeavoured to obtain, and in which, in producing a small portion of entertainment, and some instruction, should he have been so fortunate as to succeed, cannot fail of being held in grateful remembrance of having his highest wishes accomplished.

ERRATA.

Page 22, the reference * should apply to Mr. Mountstephen, line 15
37, l. 7, *Zucerelli* read Zuccerelli
43, l. 10, *raven* r. rowen
59, l. 8, *Madonna* r. Madona
61, l. 8, *Berchim* r. Berghem
l. 10, *Swonevelt* r. Swaneveldt
last line, *sows* r. sow
73, l. 27, *scuttle* r. suttle
79, l. 2, *commissioner* r. connoisseur
94, l. 13, *Irvoin* r. Irwine
123, l. 17, *latter* r. litter
139, l. 22, r. we have a cottage lass less profuse, &c.
142, l. 28, *durk* r. dank

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

GEORGE MORLAND,

&c. &c.

THE desire of novelty and variety is a passion so deeply rooted in our nature, that it forms a grand, distinguishing characteristic of the human mind. It may, indeed, be safely pronounced, that many objects, however useful and ornamental, when rendered familiar by daily observation, in a great measure cease to be esteemed; while, on the contrary, those not frequently viewed, arrest the attention, and are classed among the sublime and beautiful.

This observation, however, is not meant to be made as merely applicable to natural objects only; it extends also to that *moral microcosm* MAN. The recluse, peaceful inhabitant of some sequestered village, where "the modest virtues dwell," who, perhaps, "ne'er has changed, nor wished to change his place," having at length passed through the perplexing maze, the slippery turns of "life's little day," with a calm contented mind, drops into the grave in a manner unnoticed, and "the

noiseless tenor of his way" attracts as little of public attention and curiosity as the simple stream that bubbled by his cot, or the cloud-topped hill that bounded his humble horizon.

Not such the fate of martial or poetic genius, of the celebrated statesman, the distinguished divine, the physician, orator, and other characters of note, whose merits raise perpetual monuments to their names;——not such the fate of the liberal and ingenious artist, whose creative pencil skilfully pourtrays the expressive features of the philosopher or hero. These highly-exalted geniuses whirl their refulgent orbs across the hemisphere of mind, fascinate us by a sort of magical illusion; and when they sink into the grave, we demand with eager attention some particulars, some amusing and instructive details respecting the magnificent display of their ennobling qualities. We require some characteristic sketches, satisfactorily established, relative to the life, genius, productions, and conduct of the individual whose abilities have attracted the admiration of mankind. But it is not merely to gratify the passion of curiosity that biography treasures up her materials; she has a much more important duty to fulfil; for whilst by the judicious selection of facts she enables posterity to form a proper estimate of the talents of the deceased, she, at the same time, "holds the mirror up to nature," and inculcates a moral lesson to exemplify the excellencies and to avoid the vices and imperfections of the personage whose actions she records. 'Tis true, she has sometimes a delicate and painful task to execute; for by some strange unaccountable fatality, (whether it is that moral blemishes become or appear more conspicuous from being contrasted with natural excellence, or whether it arises from a consciousness of superior merit and endowments in the possessor) it is a melancholy fact, that the children of genius and literature do not always possess that rectitude of principle and conduct which distinguishes her less gifted

mortals. *Integer vitæ scelerisque purus* must not be invariably applied to the man of genius; for the union of unquestionable abilities and integrity is not always the boast of those who have obtained the deathless meed of fame. Frequently, indeed, do we see combined in one and the same individual, an epitome, an unhappy assemblage of all that we abhor, and all that we admire!

But, perhaps, it fares with man as it does with the face of nature; widely extended, and infinitely diversified as it is:

> "The strawberry oft grows beneath the nettle,
> And wholesome fruits do thrive and flourish most
> Neighbour'd by those of baser quality."

Oft does the baleful night-shade shoot up amongst the bays, the eternal palms which thicken round the tombs of genius; and often whilst biography records the important services which they have rendered to society, she has to lament the several frailties of human nature. True it is, the heroes of some memoirs have been represented as all perfect, and improbable fiction has supplied the place of authenticated fact: but the writer of this sketch disdains such partiality; —he has too much respect for the arts, too much veneration for truth, to be wilfully guilty of any deviations; Justice exclaims,

> ——"Nothing extenuate,"

And Friendship adds,

> "Nor aught set down in malice."

While, therefore, he endeavours to twine the wreath of fame over the bust of his departed friend, whose works will continue to be regarded as a splendid monument of his happy talents till a late period, he must not, at the same time, forget that the functions which he assumes, imperiously compel him to be just to the public.

GEORGE MORLAND,* whose birth, we understand, took place at the Haymarket, June 26, 1763, was the son of an artist of some respectability, or secondary importance, in his profession; who, if he did not aspire to the acmé of perfection attained by his son, had at least the merit of forming that indisputable correct taste, and of displaying that noble ardour for the arts, without which, superior excellence is, perhaps, at all times unattainable, even by the most elegant fancy or the brightest genius.

The father was, indeed, justly considered as an artist of repute, and his works were much admired; but his taste directing him into a faithful delineation of the narrower walks of domestic scenery, it was never his fate to enjoy the sweets of his profession, nor could he ever aspire to any thing beyond the ordinary patronage attendant upon such productions. Many prints of his are still extant in the cabinets of the curious, and if, when weighed, they may not bear to be classed with the capital performances of the present day in respect to comparative merit, it should be recollected that the elder Morland was not originally intended to follow the art, as a profession; but that having, in the earlier part of his life, embarked in speculations, injurious and even ruinous to his property, he was afterwards obliged to pursue for his livelihood what he had before only followed as an amusement.

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* He was lineally descended from Sir Samuel Morland, an artist and mathematician of great eminence, and author of some ingenious tracts. About the year 1790, George Morland being assured by Mr. Wedd, his solicitor, (who had made the necessary inquiries,) that he was undoubtedly heir to his dormant title, was advised to make good his claim; but, taking into consideration the additional expence that would attend the dignity of a baronet, he sagaciously remarked, that *plain* George Morland would always sell his pictures, and obtain as much respect, as if *Sir* was attached to it, for there was more honor in being a fine painter than in being a titled gentleman. George's aversion to *fashionable life* was, probably, a strong motive for his renouncing this honor.

Thus, from contracted circumstances more than adequate to the making a competent provision for the exigencies of obscurity, Mr. Morland was compelled to rear the younger branches of his family, (consisting of three boys and two girls,*) in the humbler sphere of dependent industry. George, the eldest son, whose genius, character, and works, form the subject of this volume, was, at a very early period, instructed in his father's profession; and such were the promising productions of his infant days,† that great hopes were entertained that he might hereafter be the means of assisting his father, and therefore more than ordinary pains were employed in cultivating and improving his taste in the first rudiments of the art.

Young Morland, from his very childhood, might have been justly deemed an original genius, when it is considered that drawings made by him at the age of four, five, or six years, were produced before a society of artists, of which his father was a member, that would have reflected lustre on youths of greater maturity, who had even been in the constant habit of studying the arts as a profession. It was from these early specimens, and the approbation with which they were received, that Mr. Morland (the father) was induced to follow up strictly, and to promote the development of those prolific talents which nature had so lavishly bestowed on the son.

We need not be surprised at the rapid improvement which young Morland made, when we consider his close confinement in an upper

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* One of these ladies, now married, may lay claim to genius and natural powers, perhaps, little inferior to her late brother's: a painting of hers is still extant, representing Mr. Garrick in the character of Richard III., which is allowed by good judges to possess very considerable merit.

† When in petticoats he displayed his taste by drawing with his finger rude figures on dirty windows, dusty walls, &c.; but the first exhibition of his genius which attracted notice, was a gentleman's coach, with four horses, and two footmen behind, which he drew on a piece of paper with a bit of broken crayon, and a black-lead pencil which his father threw away.

room in his father's house, where he was constantly employed in copying drawings, pictures, or plaister casts, with scarcely a respite allowed for his meals; nor can it afford matter of astonishment that the youth should repine with some impatience at the tedious restraint of situation to which the sordid policy of his father had doomed him. He was almost entirely restricted from all intercourse with society, except that which was acquired by stealth with a few boys in the neighbourhood: his principal, or only amusement, was a walk on Sunday, with the old gentleman, to view the new buildings in the vicinity of Tottenham Court. Thus peculiarly circumstanced, the reader will certainly anticipate that love of relaxation so natural to juvenile years, and readily believe that young Morland not only watched his opportunities, but devised means of deceiving his father for this purpose. When not more than fourteen years of age, his pecuniary supplies for those amusements in which he secretly participated, were derived from copying or drawing more pictures within the limited time than what his father had prescribed, or indeed judged it possible for him to execute. These were conveyed to his youthful acquaintance, to be disposed of on certain conditions; indeed, so dexterously was the plan contrived, that George is reported to have fastened these spoils, the property of his ingenuity, to a string, and let them down from the window to his associates, who were ready to receive them, and the fruits of this traffic were of course appropriated to their common amusements.

From these modes of early deception, which the peculiarity of the young artist's circumstances may, if not entirely exculpate, yet in some degree palliate, we may perhaps deduce the stamina of that exceptionable conduct which marked his maturer years.

Such was the plodding occupation of George Morland for the first seventeen years of his life; compelled to prostitute his powers through

the avarice, and perhaps vanity of his father, who sold the drawings for small sums, and kept his son incessantly employed, without bestowing upon him any other culture or education in the various branches of polite, genuine learning. To this state of solitary confinement to which he had been doomed by a thoughtless parent, we must also attribute that *mauvaise honte*, or bashfulness of manners, that disrelish for elegant society, which so much contributed to involve the son, when advanced to manhood, in a perpetual vortex of dissipation, vulgarity, and even misery, which at length terminated his days. Let it be remembered, however, that from this seeming evil, a considerable degree of real good was educed; for it was from these habits of industry, which had struck so deeply into his nature as never to be eradicated, that he acquired so familiar a knowledge of the materials of his art, and that prompt and skilful application of them which confessedly distinguished him beyond any of his contemporaries. Hence it was that he displayed such accuracy, ease, and elegance in modelling his designs, that either in handling the pencil, the pallet, or the crayon, he was never *impar negotiis*, incompetent to the task, but always consistent, always equal to himself.

During this early period some of young Morland's performances were shewn by his father to the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose approbation of them was such as that distinguished master never failed to bestow upon the productions of rising merit, which, indeed, he was always studious to promote and encourage. The gallery of that gentleman was, in consequence, ever after accessible to the young artist, which privilege, no doubt, assisted his studies in a very considerable degree. Upon his expressing a wish to copy some of Sir Joshua's works, they were liberally lent to him, and George Morland's copies, even then, notwithstanding his youth, were justly considered as noble specimens of rare merit.

Amongst other copies produced nearly about the same time, two from Vernet were highly applauded, but more particularly one from the celebrated painting by Sir Joshua of Garrick, between Tragedy and Comedy. This picture was then in the possession of Mr. Angerstein, residing at Blackheath, who very readily gave young Morland permission to attend there, and copy it.

Upon this occasion, it is believed, that George's invincible aversion to respectable society, and that strong partiality for low company, for which he ever after became notorious, first began to appear. Mr. Angerstein, being a gentleman of science and taste, wished to inspect personally the progress of the work which the two Morlands had repaired to Blackheath to execute. This wish, however natural, Mr. Angerstein was very unexpectedly disappointed in; for the elder Morland declared that his son George had refused to begin the picture until it was solemnly promised, that no person whatever should overlook him, and that while at work, he should be allowed to act in the house as he might think proper. This agreement was literally adhered to. The picture was finished; and during the progress of the work George constantly associated with the domestics, eating and drinking in the servant's hall, but no persuasions or entreaties could ever allure him within the reach of Mr. Angerstein, his family, or visitors.

Contrary to the advice of Sir Joshua, young Morland was stimulated to paint pieces on trifling or temporary subjects for the printsellers, many of which were taken from old ballads, Gay's Fables, &c.; some attempts, however, were made by him even then upon our immortal bard. There was one in particular, from "Romeo and Juliet," (now in the writer's possession,) which may justly lay claim to uncommon attention from its great originality. Thus diverted from the grand line of study, merely to obtain a little ready money, or supply the wants of a parent,—his

inclination thwarted and restrained,—George at length determined to make his escape from the rigid confinement which paternal authority had imposed upon him; and wild as a young quadruped that has broke loose from his den, at length, though late, effectually accomplished his purpose.

The dress and appearance of our juvenile hero, when he thus became his own master, were characterized by the most whimsical display of eccentric, and even ridiculous habits,—finical, fantastical, and grotesque, rather than natural, proper, or fashionable, and in the very extreme of foppish puppyism. His head, when ornamented agreeable to his own taste, might properly be said to resemble a *snow-ball*, (after the very *fine* and *striking* model of the *accomplished* TIPPY BOB, of glorious dramatic memory,) to which was attached, as an appendage, a short, thick tail, not unlike a painter's brush.

Young Morland's first excursion from the metropolis was, as it is with some reason believed, to Margate; it having been suggested and strongly recommended to the father, as a lucrative speculation, to start his son in the fashionable line of portrait-painting; and here, indeed, any other artist of similar talents might have obtained celebrity, as well as considerable emolument; in lieu of which our thoughtless hero returned to town with little more accession to his stock of wealth than a few sketches made on the spot, and a larger cargo of unfinished portraits. The society of fashionable ladies, or gentlemen of polished manners, was to George—astonishment to tell!—an object of supreme abhorrence. Every sitting, therefore, was productive of extreme disgust, and the portrait, although dead-colored, could seldom or never be finished, more especially when the elegant amusement of a pig, an ass, or a smock-race happened to intervene, which never failed to draw his attention from the stage of active business.

Notwithstanding George acquired but little emolument in this expedition, it must, however, be granted that he derived some advantages from it. His fame as an artist of refined taste and considerable talent, now began to spread; he was, moreover, completely emancipated from the strict guardianship of an austere task-master, and instead of smuggling a few pictures, wrested from the hours of his confinement, merely to support his puerile amusements, he had now the full command of his own time, could select what subjects he pleased to paint, and could fix his own price upon the fruits of his labor and ingenuity.

How happy might our young artist have been, if at that period

> ——" When youth, elate and gay
> Steps into life, and follows unrestrain'd
> Where Passion leads, or Prudence points the way.—"

How happy, had he chosen to tread in the latter path! But, alas! with abundance of fire, and scarcely one particle of serious reflection, as if " untaught to fear" the curb, his centrifugal powers, (probably heightened by the long captivity from which he had liberated himself,) like a proud, pampered steed that runs away with his rider, hurried and transported him, as it were, beyond himself, and led him to burlesque exhibitions of his person and character, and all manner of ludicrous and absurd practices.

About this period our hero was invited to paint some pictures for the late Lord Grosvenor, but the taste of that nobleman directing him to the selection of subjects not particularly distinguished for their chastity, it is not improbable but this occupation, combined with the native ardor of youthful intemperance, might have contributed to obliterate from his mind the last remaining vestige of prudence, and allured him from the sensual productions of his pencil to pursue scenes of licentious pleasure. Whether this were the fact or not, it is however certain, that pursuits

like these, whilst they tend not a little to degrade the arts, were by no means calculated to inspire him with any high degree of respect for the female character; an observation which we are obliged in justice to make, as a sort of palliative or counterpoise for that particular distaste which he ever evinced for the society of virtuous women; we might also assign this as a reason why so striking a resemblance to the frail sisterhood should be found in the female subjects that occur in some of his productions, of which a descriptive sketch, or review, shall be given in the course of this volume.

Gay, unsuspecting, and generous, George, while he gave a free scope to his natural inclinations, was quickly surrounded by parasites,—shameless, unprincipled men,—who, whilst they seemed only intent upon praising his masterly genius and fancy for painting, were in reality practising, with considerable dexterity and success, the most fraudulent arts to deprive him of his well-earned property, and deteriorate his health and morals. His name now becoming famous, his pallet and his pencil were a copious source,—a very mine of wealth, which nothing but the insatiable appetite of riot and prodigality could have ever exhausted. Though superior to most of his brother artists in talents and familiar practice, he associated mostly, or only, with such servile wretches as flattered his vanity, and were even ready to accompany him through the giddy round of vulgar amusements;—grinning-matches, smock-races, jovial dinners, and what pass by the name of *tricks upon the road,* were the order of the day, and as young Morland's industry never failed to fill his purse, the " hundred knights whom he retained" in his service were always supported at free cost.

Notwithstanding our young hero's select friends were, in general, vulgar and ignorant, it is an indisputable fact that not a few of the most

respectable characters, and even some persons of distinction and quality eagerly sought after and courted his company. Many gentlemen amateurs, in their liberal admiration of his merit, have frequently presented him with treble the sum he expected; and had not his low-bred, trivial notions on learned subjects, and his vulgar propensities, and even manners, proved an obstruction, his painting-room would have been honored by many noble personages, and he probably might have commanded as large sums for his works as the most able artist of the English school.

Having contracted an intimacy with Mr. William Ward, Morland and this gentleman intermarried with each other's sister;* from this acquaintance and family connection, Mr. Ward was induced to make engravings from some of Morland's pictures; these were no sooner seen by Mr. J. R. Smith, under whom Mr. Ward had served his apprenticeship, than an eager emulation appeared in Mr. Smith to follow Mr. Ward's example. He accordingly laid hold of the first opportunity to employ Mr. Morland, and there is reason to believe that his discrimination was well rewarded; for the best of George's works were published by Mr. Smith, who from long experience was no stranger to the taste of the town, and who probably pointed out to the artist such subjects as he well knew would be most attractive. Although the majority of these pictures were taken from familiar subjects, their merit, as faithfully exhibiting the creative powers of art, was instantaneously felt, and

* At this time Mr. Morland lodged in a neat house (belonging to Mr. W. Ward,) in a pleasant hamlet on the Harrow road, called Kensell Green. He was married at Hammersmith church, and his sister's marriage (Miss Maria Morland) took place in about a month after. He and his brother-in-law then rented a handsome house in High-street, Mary-le-bone; but the ladies not agreeing, Mr. and Mrs. Morland soon after took a lodging in Great Portland-street, where they continued several months.

acknowledged by all. The prints had a rapid and extensive sale,—they spread the fame of the artist not only among the literary cognoscenti, the elegant amateurs within the precincts of the metropolis and its environs, but through all the different ramifications, the distant regions, and territories, which compose the aggregate of the British empire.

This was the happy moment which our thoughtless hero might have improved, and turned to permanent advantage; this was the tide which, taken at the flood, "would have led on directly to fortune;" but alas! his talents, his industry, and all the exquisite embellishments of his mature judgment and taste only pointed him out the more conspicuously, as a valuable prey to the avarice and knavery of illiterate pretenders and voluptuaries, who, from sinister motives, encouraged him to continue in his deplorable habits of excess and debauchery.

Having now attained the very meridian of excellence, it is natural to ask how that excellence was acquired? We have seen him during the obscure morning of his life sacrificed as a victim to parental avarice, dissipating his time in "the same trite round, the same stale, silent scene;" that is to say, copying at second-hand subjects scarcely worth his notice, when the imitation of nature in her genuine simplicity of character, would, perhaps, have absorbed under a different bias all the ardour of his mind, all the force of his industry.

It has been before observed that Morland had an excellent adviser in that great master of the art of design, that patron of genius, the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, from his admiration of, and partiality to such early and promising merit, communicated to our hero's father the method by which he had raised himself into public notice; namely, a steady attention, perseverance, and the study and imitation of good models. Under the influence of such instructive information, and by the exercise

of his faculties in this manner, the natural powers of Morland were progressively traced and developed; so that he was enabled to form and acquire a habit of forcible, just discrimination, and emboldened to cast off those doubts and apprehensions which fetter the exertions of persons less experienced in the study of the arts; and hence, too, as he advanced in practice, he displayed such freedom, ease, and variety, and in fact became so complete a master of his subject, that designing was to him scarcely an effort: from drawing the figure with accuracy he was competent to effect every thing he intended without much labor or study.

It was not to be expected that a genius, though ever so promising, fettered and trammelled as Morland was in the early parts of life, without a proper course of instruction, and denied the opportunities of entering polished society, should break forth with all that splendor by which he was afterwards characterized,—that his judgment should so nicely distinguish and establish the true principles of painting; but when he had completely emancipated himself from slavery, and attained maturer years, he carefully investigated those principles by their true and only standard, Nature; and so prolific was his inauguration, that when possessing his faculties in their true vigor, he was never known to paint two drawings upon similar subjects exactly alike, yet all his pieces still retain, however agreeably diversified, that family resemblance and congruity (if we may be allowed the expression) which distinguish the works of nature,

——— Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa, tamen qualis decet esse sororum.

Of Morland's merit as a painter, we shall have occasion to speak more particularly in the course of the following pages. Suffice it to

remark here, that he had a wonderful facility in seizing those propitious coincidences, those light, ornamental, and minute proprieties and graces, which contribute such an ample store to the genuine stock of original composition of consummate art. The harmonious combination of his back-grounds, his drapery ever natural and decorous, without confusion or perplexity, (a difficulty not easily to be avoided by the most able and experienced artists) his children also, his sheep, his horses, his pigs, and all the appendages of the rural landscape, including every other department of picturesque scenery, are still classed among the finest of modern productions, are still objects of imitation to young students, and are still considered and exhibited by the best judges and patrons of the fine arts, as most remarkably neat, correct, and elegant views of nature.

With talents such as these,—with a genius so powerful, and a judgment so conspicuous to direct it,—with a taste so cultivated by a sort of curious habitual felicity of design and execution, with labor and industry, notwithstanding his train of dissipations, (which, nevertheless, he always rendered subservient to business,) it may be naturally inquired how Morland, whose emoluments might have rendered any prudent person easy and respectable, should have sunk at length into the abyss of misery, and closed his career in a spunging-house? It is well known that there exists in this metropolis, as will ever be the case in the centre of luxury and population, a description of persons, who, to gratify the taste of men of rank, opulence, and leisure, collect together (as they pretend) paintings from both ancient and modern masters; and, from the credulity of some, and the ignorance and unwariness of others, it happens that these gentlemen obtain a comfortable and handsome livelihood for themselves and families. The persons here alluded to are technically termed *Picture Dealers*, and it must be observed, that they

do not always confine themselves, with scrupulous integrity, to the genuine works of a master, but having a single picture in their possession, by easy, practicable means, that is, by long experience in the arts of stenselling, varnishing, and fire-cracking, they can produce the tempered harmony, the spirit, and energy of the BERGHENS, the CLAUDES, with the whole catalogue of painters of the old school, by wholesale.

No sooner does an artist of merit force his way to distinction, no sooner has he established his reputation by the general estimation of his productions, than these worthy gentlemen flock around him, and generously offer to lend him any sums he may immediately require; while, to render their proposals still more acceptable, and apparently disinterested, they further offer, to take his pictures either in payment, or as security; in short, their whole aim is to monopolize merit, in order to render it subservient to their own interested views. Thus, when the works of Morland became noticed, these very ingenuous and *obsequious* characters exercised their usual arts, and having thus obtained possession of some of his pictures, immediately began to copy them; all of which (disregarding Truth, as much as her amiable concomitant, Sincerity) they warranted as original.* This base and ungenerous practice is now carried on to such an extent, that a picture dealer has frequently been known to tender respectfully double the sum that a private gentleman could reasonably afford to give for an original. Thus is real genius degraded, thus the public imposed upon, and here often will men of fortune submit to be the dupes of fraud and dissimulation, rather than seek redress from the troublesome and tedious process of a law-suit.

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* The writer hereof recollects once to have seen twelve copies from a small picture of Morland's at one time in a dealer's shop, with the original in the centre; the proprietor of which, with great gravity and unblushing assurance, inquired if he could distinguish the difference.

From a too great eagerness to touch the *ready rhino* Morland has been repeatedly overreached; for, by the judicious display of a few guineas, this artist has been induced to part with a picture to-day, which to-morrow, perhaps, would have brought him double the sum. The proffer of money was, in fact, a temptation which he could not resist, and his wily visitors, aware of this, were ever ready to hold out the seducing bait.

It is, however, but just to observe, that, notwithstanding all their cunning, the biters themselves were sometimes bit, the artist having been known occasionally to *employ art against art*, and thus to outwit those cautious dealers in their own way. In the course of the years 1790, 1791, and 1792, (the last in particular,) when his best pictures were produced, a host of admiring dealers were complaisant enough to offer him any pecuniary assistance he might deem it expedient to accept. Morland, who had a wonderful alacrity at borrowing, without scruple or hesitation, embraced the offers indiscriminately, for there was scarcely one of these liberal friends whose purse he did not make free with, and that too almost at the same time, and upon the same occasion.

Having received an invitation from Claude Lorrain Smith, Esq. to visit him at his seat in Enderby, Leicestershire, the purse he had collected as above, very opportunely served his purpose, and with one of his trusty friends,* away he set out upon his rural excursion. From such a distinguished character as Mr. Smith, renowned not only for his abilities as an artist, but also for his liberal encouragement of the arts, little doubt could be entertained but that Morland would be received with all that politeness, hospitality, and attention, that an ardent zeal to

* The friend who accompanied him upon this occasion was commonly known by the appellation of *Dirty Brookes;* he was a notorious debauchee, and fell a sacrifice in following the excesses of his companion.

promote and countenance merit could dictate. Such ideas of respect, however, of brilliant conversation, and refined manners, found in the more exalted scenes of polished life, were by no means congenial with the extravagant, and indeed singular taste of our hero, who preferred the company of a sorry inn, or alehouse, to any liberal or elevated society. So great was his partiality for these vulgar haunts, that not even the captivating graces of virtuous beauty, the various fascinating *agrémens* of fashionable life could wean him from it.—This journey, however, was not without some advantages both temporary and permanent:—here, in the more attractive region of rural elegance and beauty, Morland discovered that the environs of London were not marked with a picturesque character sufficiently strong and diversified. In Leicestershire he made many interesting sketches upon valuable subjects, selected from the works of nature, and which he afterwards painted. Upon some occasions he accompanied Mr. Smith, a fox-hunter of eminence and skill, in the chase; who being likewise *elegans spectator formarum*, a nice, critical observer of elegant structures and classic scenery, directed Morland in the choice of such remarkable figures, striking views, and sequestered situations, as would appear best suited to the vivacity of design and freedom, of a light, ready hand; which his happy genius was so capable of denoting and expressing upon canvas.

Morland's excursion to Leicestershire was kept a profound secret from his many accommodating friends, the picture-dealers; and his absence of course excited among them a considerable degree of alarm, which was not a little encreased by a report industriously circulated, as a *good joke*, by one of his waggish companions, that he was gone to France. The sudden shock which this intelligence occasioned was not so much to be ascribed to the apprehension of losing the sums they had lent him, as to the disappointment of their speculative schemes. Some

of these *disinterested, liberal* gentlemen, had advanced money upon the prospect of a *bespoke* three-quarter canvas, and others had paid *argent comptant* for pictures, which, to speak candidly, he never intended to paint for them. It would require the facetious and satirical spirit of Hogarth's pencil, faithfully to depict the lengthened countenances of those sagacious, but outwitted speculatists, when they first met and compared notes together. It was, however, unanimously agreed, to make all possible enquiries about the artist, who, in the interim, was priding himself upon having *taken in the knowing ones*, and being, in this respect, more cunning than the cunning ones. It is, indeed, evident from their conduct, that these worthy patronisers had doomed him to incessant drudgery, merely for their own interest; and it is also true that his strong natural propensities, and impetuosity of genius, but too well assisted their mercenary views, ever restless and impatient. Variety (as is exemplified throughout his works,) was the principal object of his pursuits; yet, wild and imprudent as he was, the want of industry formed no part of his real character: whether this was a gift bestowed by nature, or the effect of his father's rigid discipline, we shall not pretend to say; but it is certainly necessary to make this remark as to the catalogue of his many errors, that of indolence has been unjustly added. From this charge, however, the number of his compositions on various subjects which he has left behind him, amounting (as we have reason to believe), to almost 4000, must sufficiently exculpate him; and we may add, that in respect to their sterling merit, as well as number, he might have challenged any artist, though ever so eminent in finishing or inventing, to produce so many pictures, of which so few can be found in the line of mediocrity. Whatever might have been the failings and follies of the man, posterity will infallibly do justice to his abilities; in the application and management of which he succeeded so well, as

unquestionably to surpass all his contemporaries. Nature, indeed, seems to have chosen his strong and admirable canvas, wherein to reflect, as from a mirror, her elegant simplicity and a perfect model of her native loveliness: here she appeared in her proper dress—*simplex munditiis.* Affectation never distorted his scrupulously just and amusing pencil, but a faithful delineation of what he had seen of her dignified charms seems to have been the primary object of his ambition. If ever he is found wandering, and

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus,

it is always in pursuit of his darling simplicity. In his painted landscapes, small figures, and compositions in general, we never see nature in masquerade: all contradictory, ostentatious appearances, are carefully avoided, and every representation is just and natural. The colours he used, however discordant amongst themselves, his happy experience successfully employed, and rendered amenable to his purposes. His power over every implement of his art was more than abundantly sufficient, and he had less of the pedant in his works than any other painter of his time. How instructive must it have been to the student to witness the facility with which his compositions were produced! There was no pause, no visible hesitation in the collection of curiosities, with which his tablet was highly enriched: each new and various idea appeared, as it were, imperceptibly; and seemed to arise from his pallet as the spontaneous, sprightly effusion of the moment. In the subsequent pages of this work we shall attempt to point out the particular excellencies of those much admired paintings, from which prints have been executed; and, as opportunity offers, we shall impartially introduce some general reflections, by way of comparison between his works and the most capital and masterly performances of the foreign schools. We shall also insert certain anecdotes, which may contribute

to illustrate the personal character of Morland, and the fine taste and critical knowledge which run through his works as a painter.

To record all the oddities which characterized this extraordinary person, and the scenes which frequently passed between him and his facetious companions, would not only swell our volume to an unnecessary extent, but render it unacceptable to readers of judgment and good breeding; particularly as many of these anecdotes have been already given in the several insignificant publications of the day. However, as no little curiosity has been excited upon the subject, it may not be amiss to relate the following facts, (not universally known) that the reader may be enabled to form some opinion with regard to the moral and intellectual character of THE MAN.

A very whimsical, interesting, and striking incident occurred during the first interview the writer hereof had with Mr. Morland; (and here it may be necessary to premise, that he enjoyed a privilege to which very few others were admitted—that of standing behind his easel;) and he confesses with gratitude, that from his knowledge of the art, he derived a copious spring of instruction and amusement.

A lady, whose sister the writer of this afterwards married, went with her husband, in consequence of ill health, to reside at Paddington,* and had been promised, it seems, by Morland, (who was intimate with the family) a sucking-pig. As the writer was walking towards Paddington, on a summer's morning, to enquire the health of his relative, he observed a man posting before him, with a pig, which he held in his arms, as if it had been a child; the piteous squeaks of the little animal, unaccustomed to such a mode of conveyance, attracted the notice of

* Mr. Morland lived in the neighbourhood of Paddington about the year 1790, where he indulged himself with guinea-pigs, rabbits, dogs, &c.; and was constantly visited by the most renowned pugilists of the day.

various spectators, both from the doors and windows, as he passed along. Struck with the laughable conduct of the bearer of the pig, the writer determined to follow him, as the adventure promised some humour, and the more so, as the pig-bearer, to every dog that barked, (and there were not a few), would set down the pig, and *pitt* him against the dog: from this a hunt would sometimes ensue, and the pig-hunter, having overtaken the animal, would hastily snatch it up, and jog on as before. In this manner he paraded several of the streets of Mary-le-bone, until he reached the house of the writer's friend, where, to his no small surprize, the man with the pig having knocked, readily obtained admittance.

Conceiving him to be some person connected with the people of the house, the writer thought of nothing but creating a laugh, at reciting the singularity of the adventure; but how great was his astonishment upon entering the dining-room to find this original character with the pig yet under his arm, introduced to him by Mr. Mountstephen, as Mr. Morland, the painter!

From this moment, an intimacy commenced and encreased between Morland and the writer, and mutual invitations frequently passed between them. This intimacy on the part of the latter was not without its share of interest, for his profession being somewhat similar, and his choice in it, landscape, he profited every moment he could lean over the chair of Morland, which he was not fond of allowing to artists in general; nay, so very jealous, indeed, was he in this respect, that Mr. James Ward,* having gleaned from Morland's paintings a sufficient

* This gentleman, by profession a modeller, was as distinguished a genius in his own line as Morland; he died at the age of 30, and left behind him some exquisite specimens of his abilities, in the portraits of the first characters of his day. Those of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duke of York; Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Cremorne, Mr. Cosway, Mr. Sharpe, Mrs. Abington, &c. &c. are monuments of his skill, which for fidelity and taste will ever stand high in the estimation of their possessors.

stock of knowledge to induce him to commence his first essay, (which was, from nature, a sow and pigs;) the success which followed alarmed Morland, and led him to believe that he would become in a very short time his rival: he, therefore, never afterwards permitted Mr. Ward to stand near him whilst he was either painting or drawing.*

The treatment of this gentleman by the Royal Academicians is considered by many as a very striking proof of this assertion, and we wish, for the honour of the institution, we could add it as a solitary instance; but, alas! the "leafy honours" of Mr. Barry were attempted to be torn from him by this "green-eyed monster," although his works and eloquence did honour to that institution; but his productions and liberal promotion of the arts and sciences, will form a wreath for his name, the verdure of which the blights of envy can never taint. It is believed that the operation of these narrow, selfish prejudices, drove even the great Sir Joshua, in disgust, from the Presidency, who was recalled, however, by his sovereign, to resume the chair; a just and signal mark of royal approbation.

An apology will probably be necessary if we venture upon some digressive observations, for which, notwithstanding, the friends of the art, and the admirers of Sir Joshua, will, we hope, excuse us. Contemporary with that great man, an English school of painting flourished, which, let us hope, for the honour of the country, has not declined with him: his honourable purposes, his liberal and industrious exertions for the benefit of the Academy, ought to have given Sir Joshua the greatest weight and influence in its councils; yet, how strenuously did he en-

* The excellence and reputation of Mr. Ward's performances, have, we believe, produced very painful sensations in the breasts of other artists as well as in Morland's.

deavour, but in vain, to have prevented that national disgrace, the sale of the Houghton collection to the Court of St. Petersburgh!

The rapacity charged upon the French, in plundering the repositories of art wherever their arms have penetrated, to enrich the Louvre at Paris, is in some degree mitigated, by the easy access which is afforded there to strangers and students; an act of policy which will be amply repaid, by establishing a magnet of attraction in France, and consequently by opening a copious source of national wealth.

During the short pause in the ravages of war, occasioned by the treaty of Amiens, a free admission to the gallery of the Louvre was, without hesitation, granted to all applicants. This conduct, on the part of a people whom we are pleased to stigmatize as savages, may be laudably contrasted with the mode of proceeding adopted by those who direct the most splendid establishment for painters in the more polished society of Great Britain.

To return to some of the burlesque traits which, in Morland, were always predominant and conspicuous, we are of opinion that some resemblance of him may be found in the picture of Garrick, between Tragedy and Comedy, divided, as it were, and casting an alternate smile of approbation upon both. Thus it has been supposed, that our hero was eternally suspended in his choice between love and wine. With respect to the sweet passion and refined sentiment of love, we are firmly persuaded, he never felt it; and as for the juice of the grape, there can be no doubt but that it was oftener supplanted by, than preferred to, that of the juniper.

Morland, in his temper, was inclined to be peevish, fretful, and vindictive; he had, nevertheless, a degree of pride about him, which, in many instances, was mortified; although sometimes this was benevolently attempted, with a view to convince him how very disgusting to

the eye of sense and taste was that low herd, whose company he ever preferred.

These instances, although different in their kind, produced the same effect, and indicated that he experienced some compunction of shame, at the degraded state to which he had reduced himself: two of them came within the sphere of the writer's own observation; the one proved as a lesson or important caution how to conduct himself with propriety, when admitted into the company of gentlemen and their friends; the other furnishes a more ludicrous exhibition of those friends with whom he had formed an intimacy, but was ashamed to acknowledge, when introduced into proper and consistent society.

One day Mr. J. R. Smith, by whom he was then employed, as before-mentioned, called, in company with Mr. J. Bannister, the comedian, to see what progress he had made in a picture, which was upon the easel. Satisfied with what he saw, Mr. Smith was about to take his leave, when Morland proposed to accompany him in his morning's ride, which Mr. Smith immediately declined, saying, in an abrupt emphatical tone, "I have an appointment with *a gentleman*, who is waiting for me!" Morland directly felt the keen edge of the shaft levelled at him, as not being a fit companion for Mr. Smith or Mr. Bannister, and he gave vent to his splenetic humour in the most vulgar and indecent language.

This well-timed sarcasm, however, made Morland sensibly deplore his want of character; and, although he attempted to turn off its poignancy by a sneer, and a number of contemptuous epithets, he, nevertheless, felt his vanity severely piqued.

The other was a more humorous occurrence, and originated in an invitation which Morland had received from a gentleman who resided at Hadley, and who had engaged to meet him at Highgate.

As we were proceeding to Barnet, (for the writer hereof was also in company,) and had reached the turnpike-gate at Whetstone, a kind of lumber, or jockey cart, intercepted our progress through the gateway, and two persons, seated in the vehicle, were seen disputing and quarrelling with the gate-keeper about the demand of his toll. In consequence of this interruption, between the contending parties, on both sides, there was only room for one horse to pass at a time. Our friend from the country passed first, but his progress was opposed and obstructed by a chaise, which at that instant drew up nearly in contact with him. Morland also was endeavouring to make good his way, when one of the gentlemen in the cart vociferated, "*Vat, Mr. Morland, v'ont you speak to a body!*" I particularly observed that Morland carefully endeavoured to shun this greeting, and wished to pass on in silence; but his old friend was not to be put off so easily, and still continued bawling out to him, until he was at length obliged to recognize his old companion and crony, the celebrated pugilist, *Mr. Hooper the tinman*, who, by this time, had put forth his hand to give Morland a hearty fraternal shake; this he had no sooner done, than turning to his other companion, his good friend, the charioteer, introduced a chimney-sweeper to Mr. Morland's notice, calling out, "*Vy, Dick, don't you know this here gemman? 'tis my friend Mr. Morland!*" The *sooty knight* instantly put out his hand, and forced the officious welcome upon Morland, who, notwithstanding, made many awkward attempts to avoid the squeeze, but without effect. The chagrin he betrayed upon this occasion, clearly evinced that his pride was very sensibly hurt, if ever he possessed what may be termed virtuous and commendable pride; for he always endeavoured to clear himself from the imputation of this awkward rencontre with his brother of the brush, by declaring that the

tinman had forced his company upon him, and that the chimney-sweeper was a perfect stranger to him, which, considering the habits of Morland, was not, however, a very probable case, nor was it easily accredited.

Morland's dress and equipage at this period, were completely changed from the appearance of the fop, to that of extreme neatness; scarcely a week elapsed, but he sported a new pair of gloves and leather breeches, and as he pulled off one of the gloves to receive the salutation of any other acquaintance while on the road as above, it was curious to see how ludicrous he appeared with a clean glove upon one hand, and the marks of the sooty squeeze upon the other; this was a joke which he never liked to hear repeated, although for a considerable time after, "*sweeps, your honour,*" was a standing jest among his friends, and never failed to make the laugh go round.

At the time Morland resided at Paddington, he may be said to have been at the very summit of his merit, and also of his extravagances. He kept at this time no less than eight saddle-horses at livery, at the sign of the White Lion,* opposite to his house, and was absurd enough to wish to be considered as a horse-dealer, but unfortunately he did not know *quid humeri ferrent, quid non,*—wherein his real strength lay.—Frequently, horses for which to-day he would give a purse of thirty or forty guineas, he would sell on the day following for half that sum, or perhaps for less; but as the honest fraternity of horse-dealers knew their man, and would take his note at two months, he could the more easily indulge this propensity, and appear for a short time in cash, until pay-day came, when lo! a picture was produced as a douceur for a renewal of the notes. Such was the practice until he had accumulated debts to

* This sign was painted by Morland.

an enormous amount, and brought himself to the brink of that fatal precipice from which he fell

"Never to hope again."

This was one source of calamity which neither his industry, for which he was remarkable, nor his talents, which were rare and transcendent, were by any means adequate to counterpoise. His wine-merchant, too, who was a gentleman in the discounting line, would sometimes obtain a picture worth fifty pounds for the renewal of a bill. Can it then be wondered at, when thus beset by picture-dealers, horse-dealers, wine-merchants, attorneys, and a whole string of *et ceteras*, that he should at length have sunk under such accumulated burthens of misery and mischief? This was in reality the fact; he heaped folly upon folly with such dire rapidity, that a fortune of ten thousand pounds per annum would have proved insufficient for the support of his waste and prodigality.

It has been already observed, that no man was more accessible to flattery than Morland, and the more gross and strong the mode wherein it was served up, the more highly was it relished. An ostler, or post-boy, applauding his observations, was sure to be touched in the palm with half-a-crown, or perhaps to receive a pair of leather breeches, little the worse for wear: his acquaintances of this cast were so numerous, that there was scarcely a driver on the north road, within fifty miles of London, that was not known to him; nor was there a blood-horse of any note, whose pedigree and performances he could not relate with astonishing facility.

There was an inn at Highgate,* a favorite resort of his, where these princes and sovereign judges of the whip, generally stopped upon their

* The house formerly kept by the celebrated Bob Bellamy.

return to the country to refresh themselves and their horses. Here our artist used regularly to take his stand, and here, indeed, he was completely at home; receiving the compliments of every one that offered them, in return for which he always, although very imprudently, considered it as his duty to pay the reckoning.

Frequently, with a pipe in his mouth, he would parade before the door of the house, and hail the carriages as they passed in succession before him; and from being so well known, he was generally greeted in return, by a familiar salute from the postilion. The consequence he attached to this species of homage, as an illustration of his great merit, in so very active a scene, is almost beyond belief.

Among these qualifications, which determine the justness of this artist's character, his knowledge of the horse has been admired as clear and unclouded; and, in truth, it constituted one of his favorite studies. Calling upon the writer hereof one morning, Mr. Stubbs's work upon the anatomy of this animal accidentally caught his eye, and so strongly rivetted his attention, that he was induced to request the loan of it, which was readily granted. This work he investigated very minutely, and pronounced it to be the best production he had ever seen upon the subject.

An objection has been taken to Morland, that he could not draw a blood-horse with fire and accuracy. Compared with Gilpin or Stubbs, the charge may possibly be true, for the latter of these gentlemen was the very god of Morland's idolatry; but those who assert that he could not display the correct form of the race-horse, or the hunter, must have been ignorant of the pictures which he adorned with those beautiful figures, viz. the *First of September Morning*, and *the few Hunting pieces*, engraved by *Bell*. The energy and spirit emanating from the eye of the horse, corresponding to the fire of his passion, in the first of these

pieces, is, perhaps, as lively a touch, and in as fine a tone of coloring, as any pencil has ever exhibited.

Before Morland sought *the pig-stye*, he was seldom out of *the stable;* as he degraded himself in life, the efforts of his pencil declined in the same proportion, and after his faculties had become impaired, which was some time antecedent to his death, his pictures became washy, meagre, and unfinished; indeed, a disorder in his hands had rendered him incapable of painting, at least for three years before his death. In this dilemma he had recourse to the chalk and crayon style of drawing, in which he proved as successful as at any former period of his life.

It will be thought a little singular, that whilst his drawings were so meritorious, and of which in this work we have given specimens, his pictures should fall so far short of his original excellence: such is, nevertheless, the undoubted fact.

Upon his return from Leicestershire, he found his picture and horse-dealing friends very solicitous to renew their visits; this, however, he would not encourage, but from that moment studiously avoided all society, and with only a single crony to hawk his pictures about the town, was invisible for months together, even to those truly sincere friends who lamented his unpardonable mismanagement, and would have zealously promoted his welfare.

So strongly was the mind of this ill-fated artist impressed with the idea that he should come to inhabit a gaol before his dissolution, that he actually visited the King's Bench prison *incog.*, to ascertain what kind of a *gusto* he might have for confinement; yet, so great was his dread of the foreseen reality, that he declared nothing short of absolute necessity should ever compel him to yield himself up to the myrmidons of the law.

It was now that he began to feel the ill effects of having prematurely involved himself in debt; if he was seen to walk the streets, he was sure to be dogged, or at least he thought himself dogged by some lurking creditor, before he could reach his habitation, where, although he made use of every precaution, he was nevertheless frequently discovered; but, whenever he surmised this to be the case, he would suddenly decamp without beat of drum, and in a few days after, his trusty dependants, or HANGERS ON, would be dispatched to fetch away his implements. Thus incessantly harassed by the apprehension of being lodged in a prison, he thought it best to run the gauntlet through the four counties adjacent to the metropolis.*

Amongst the particular excellencies of Morland in the favorite branches of his professional pursuit, we should not forget to enumerate his peculiar, and very nice discrimination of the female form in the fashions of the time in which he lived, so as to give precisely what was proper, without any outrage to nature, or rendering his objects uncouth, in forming comparisons of them with the fashions of other times. Any prejudice in favor of a particular fashion was by him disdained; and what may seem paradoxical, although he dressed his females in the

* It is stated in a respectable biographical work of modern date, in the article relative to Morland, that when at Hackney he lived so retired, and in a style so mysterious, as to excite a suspicion amongst the neighbours, that he was either engaged in coining, or in fabricating bank-notes. The well-meaning people in whose house he lodged, did not fail to communicate their suspicions to the Bank Directors, who dispatched the police officers to search the house. As the officers approached they were reconnoitred by Morland, who mistaking them for a bailiff and his followers, made his escape out of the back-door, and ran precipitately across the fields towards Hoxton, and from thence to London.

Mrs. Morland, trembling with alarm, opened the front door, when the officers entered and began their search, but an explanation ensuing, and on their finding nothing but a few excellent unfinished pictures, which struck even these men with admiration, they retired satisfied, and communicated the result to the Directors, who, commiserating the situation of the unfortunate artist, liberally sent him two twenty-pound bank-notes.

habit of the day, most of them are, nevertheless, just such as they will be seen and admired in a century hence.

An early study of the works of Sir Joshua had taught him the art of avoiding the *superfluous*, and that in order to pourtray an elegant figure upon the canvass, it was absolutely necessary to hit off a free, easy, and unconstrained air.

Modern habits and costume may suit the dauber of an hour, but a superior ambition should animate the painter, who, like Zeuxes, aspires to paint always for immortality. Such an artist must make his subjects a species of *non-descript*, by rendering them *a-la-mode*, but at the same time contrive them so that they should never be altogether out of fashion.

It is with the attitude and motion of an elegant woman, as it is with the fleeting images of fancy, her turn and contour must be caught instantly by the phrenzy-rolling eye of the painter's imagination, or, like the airy vision, it vanishes, to rise no more.

We have before stated that Morland at his outset in life, and whilst under the instructions of his father, accompanied the old gentleman on a trip to Margate, and that he started there as a portrait-painter, although many of his pieces remained unfinished. In this line, however, he was successful in a certain degree, although the portraits which the writer has seen are not highly to be commended, at least, if that flattery which characterizes the pencil of modern artists, is to be infallibly considered as a criterion of excellence.

We do not by any means, here, wish to insinuate that artists of the present day compromise their reputation by infusing the semblance of knowledge or merit into the subjects they delineate; on the contrary, we are inclined to think, that, without proper attention to some little degree of complaisance in this respect, a portrait-painter of the present day must feel the bitter pangs of proud neglect.

Morland had become from habit so very strict a copier of nature, that even if the depredations of disease had distorted the features of the person who sat to him, there is every reason to believe that he would have made a merit of copying a defect, if he could but have produced a correct likeness; for it was impossible for him to resist the impulse that might seize him at the moment, as frequently with the gravest face he has been seen to paint the most ludicrous subject. Of his severity in this particular some notice is taken in another part of this work; we allude here to his satirical touches upon the infamous productions of sign-daubers: let it only be remembered, that when an opportunity offered of producing a sign to his cottage inn, it was sure to be the face of some of his acquaintance, when he would convert the visage of his most intimate friend into that of a dog, a cat, a lion, or any other animal that best suited his whim.

Morland, from his natural predilection for rural scenery, was neither calculated for, nor did he in any degree court, this department of the art. What he performed was in his younger days, and obtruded upon him by the necessities of his father. Sometimes, indeed, he would spontaneously begin a portrait, but this was more to evince his ability, than from his inclination to gratify the party he pourtrayed. His best portraits were very much in the style of Rembrandt, and it is worthy of note, that he fell into the same error with that celebrated artist—of painting his subjects older than they were.

A picture of Mr. John Baynes, which Morland painted, may be said more to resemble Rembrandt's manner than even his own. In this piece he has shewn a familiar knowledge of that master's practice; the coloring and touching are similar, and we find as great a body of materials as were used in general by Rembrandt.

The portrait of Mr. Baynes is in appearance considerably older than that gentleman, and the *tout ensemble* is most certainly deficient in what a portrait ought to be; still as a painting it has infinite merit. Portrait-painting, however, it must be candidly acknowledged, was not *his forte*, and he relinquished it in time to make himself a painter of the scenery of his own country, and to qualify himself for that department in which he blazed forth, in the sequel, with unrivalled splendor.

Rural scenery, although a vast art, yet, it must be allowed, has its limits; and however excursive the soaring fancy of man may be, he must, in order to please, be accurate in his delineations and imitations as a painter.

In copying nature we are sometimes led to copy a defect, and indeed it is no very easy task to cull all that may please the eye, and avoid every thing formal or distorted. It is by sketching resemblances of nature in the field, and by comparing them with those of the painter's representations, that we shall be enabled to determine the proper choice. The artist from habit may ascertain what will please, but nature all prolific, has so many little, and comparatively uninteresting parts, that a well instructed taste is absolutely necessary to make the selection.

Morland, at his very outset, shewed a precocity of judgment; he knew that general ideas were more pleasing than local or confined subjects, and this principle he made his guide, uniting to rural scenery all the characteristic costume and excellencies of the rustic.

In delineating the portraits of "the human face divine," his sagacity prevented him from copying the deformities of nature; it was no particular landscape that could afford him entire satisfaction; a voluptuary in his art, he retained only the richest part of what he saw: having sipped the sweets of the flower that was before him, his imagination ever wild, instantly winged its flight, and sought a fresh repast.

From the scenery, which he could so charmingly represent in his tableaux, an apparent presumption arises, that his mind was in a continual state of serenity; his rural subjects possess a repose, a tranquillity scarcely ever exhibited in the works of any other English painter. Fond of partial effects, or the accidents of nature, our countrymen appear anxious only to produce what is termed *effect*, not seldom giving a drawing with a patch of light in the center of *a dark spot*. This ridiculous affectation, since the introduction of the new style adopted by Mr. Turner, has risen to such a height, as to disregard the distinct delineation of every particular object, so that the mind is left to find out, whether such an object is intended for a castle, a rock, or a mill-stone.

A great writer of antiquity, Longinus, and a more modern author, upon the sublime and beautiful, have both observed, that obscurity constitutes an essential character of the sublime. Waving the discussion of this point the affectation of many modern artists certainly possesses sublimity, but unfortunately this sublimity, or species of "darkness visible," has fairly absorbed all the beauty which we expect to find in this department of the art. But, to resume our subject, clouds, according to the new method, are made to fall with such cumbrous weight upon the hills, as might induce us to believe, that our little island was in the act of being incorporated with the sky; and as if it were fully determined to introduce a new mythology, woods are distinguished by a lump of color, without form, whilst, from its sudden lustre and forky appearance, the representation of a river can be compared to nothing but the zig-zag revolutions of a flash of lightning!

Murky effects like these are beneath the painter of distinguished merit; this is not the grand style, if we may be permitted to apply this term to landscape-painting, but a vile, sombrous, and affected manner, void of acute discrimination.

We have already remarked how much the mind of Morland was at variance with his productions; it remains now to consider how very different the character of his mind, as exemplified in his paintings, appears, when compared with that of other artists in the same department. The mind of Morland, estranged from all that was laudable, preyed only upon all that was trifling, whilst his productions were always guided by reason, and clearly beamed forth the intellect of the man, as far as it related to the art which he professed.

From the habits which Morland had contracted, it may not, perhaps, be digressing from the subject, to shew what it was that created so wide a difference between the man and his works; like to that which appears in the productions of Salvator Rosa; the exuberances of whose pencil were only equalled by his manners, and, indeed, they had so great an affinity, that the mind of such a painter might be denominated that of an outlaw.

Morland, as we have already seen, was from his infancy initiated in the arts, and by acquiring a refined taste when young, although depraved in morals and manners himself, as he advanced in life, he was not able to vitiate the perfections that are so much extolled in his works; hence we may infer the important consequences which attend an early direction of the studies of youth.

Salvator Rosa, savage and romantic from the earliest dawn of his reason, was in the character of his pictorial parts, the very prototype of our artist: extravagant in all he attempted, he made the art itself subservient to the subject he represented.

Enthusiastic, but not dignified, all his productions bore a strong resemblance to the character of the man. An uncultivated wild was his forte; his figures, which were generally banditti, were adapted to the country in which they were placed; even his most serious subjects, his

hermits and his saints were little better than assassins in disguise; and what strongly proves that his studies were not commenced at such an early age as to ensure perfection in his art, his method of *handling* also bears the same irregular character as his figures; yet, a lofty, capacious genius may be traced through all his works. We may fitly exclaim, *ex pede Herculem!* and, except in Zucerelli and Marco Rici, perhaps there was never any thing like the full majesty of Salvator's handling—grand, but unadorned.

Morland, from early tuition, was taught to shun what, from his most ardent natural character, he would otherwise have fallen into,—those strong, glaring errors, which are constantly to be seen in the works of Salvator Rosa.

Rosa of Tivoli, who painted from the country in which he lived, was likewise much in the style of Morland. Cattle was his forte, but aiming in general at powerful effect, and endeavouring to imitate the worst parts of Jacimo Basan, he greatly tarnished the beauties of his pencilling, and his perfections lie buried and obscured under masses of shadow.

There are several other masters who have traced the same path which Morland chose, and from their admirable designs he profited much;—for brilliancy and clearness of coloring he appears to have followed Cuyp;—for truth and accuracy of delineation, Paul Potter;—for grouping and placidity of subject, Bergham.

In the repose visible in the pictures of Morland, the last of these masters is significantly traced, yet there does not appear Bergham's knowledge in the painting of cows;—every animal, this one excepted, Morland had diligently studied, and why he should neglect this picturesque object, is beyond the reach of our conjecture: perhaps, if we have a Bergham in England, he is to be found in the curious and accurate abilities of Mr. Ibbetson.

A continued series of embarrassments from the year 1793, to the hour that Morland was secured within the rules of the King's Bench, obliged him to make sudden and frequent excursions into the country; his greatest elongation from the metropolis was, we believe, to the city of York. It is much, however, to be regretted, that circumstances had not driven him to the westward, where lake scenery, and its picturesque appendages, would have given a new scope to his laborious and skilful pencil. His natural predilection for coast and water views when in the Isle of Wight bears us out in this conjecture, and justifies the reasons of our regret.

Morland's frequent visits at the back of that island made him known to every publican and fisherman that resided in these parts. There was in particular a small public-house at Fresh Water Gate, called the Cabin, which may be termed his favorite resort; near that spot he made innumerable sketches, and indeed through all the tract extending from thence to *Black Gang Chine, Undercliffe, Steephill, Bonchurch,* and as far as *Shanklin*.

Accident once brought Morland and the writer hereof together at the latter village, when the artist drew from his pocket a sketch-book, filled with the most exquisite treasures.

The following anecdote may be inserted, perhaps not improperly, in this place.—A mutual friend, at whose house Morland resided when in the Isle of Wight, having set out on a journey to London, left an order, upon his departure, with his acquaintance at Cowes, to give Morland his own price for such drawings or pictures as he should think proper to send. The gentleman entrusted with this commission, although highly respectable both in his moral and professional character, had, nevertheless, a very incompetent knowledge of, and as little true relish for the fine arts.

Morland's pictures, however, were always sent in with an accompanying solicitation for cash, in proportion, or according to the nature of the subject; these demands were regularly complied with, until, at length, a small, but highly-finished drawing was transmitted, with a demand of cash as usual, in the ratio of its merit. Struck with the apparent disparity between the *size* of the drawing, and the *sum* demanded, which seemed out of all proportion, the conscientious agent positively refused to advance a shilling upon it, until he had transmitted the drawing to his friend, who was then in London. This was accordingly done, and instructions were immediately sent back to take the drawing, and as many others as the artist might offer at the same price. Upon the receipt of this liberal and explicit order, the agent at Cowes hastened to find out Morland, and instantly paid the money, but not without observing, that he thought his friend must be deranged in his intellects.

At the present period, however, there is not a single sketch in that collection, but what would produce three times its original cost. So much for the want of a just and true discrimination as to the nature, value, and merits of the fine arts!

During Morland's stay at Yarmouth, he and his fellow-travellers were apprehended as spies, when the former, in his vindication, produced several drawings which he had just finished at Cowes, but these the lieutenants ingeniously decyphered as confirmations of their guilt, and our travellers were escorted by a strong body of soldiers and constables to Newport, where being brought, and separately examined before the bench of justices, they were at length discharged, after a strict injunction to paint and draw no more during their abode in that island.

Upon his return to London, 1799, Morland took lodgings at Vauxhall, and painted several pictures of ships in distress, wrecks, and other

subjects, apparently from scenes off the Isle of Wight, many of which he treated in his usual masterly manner; but, notwithstanding all the labor he lavished upon them, few will ever be deemed so pleasing as those executed in his more tranquil style. His land storms are, nevertheless, pregnant with spirit, with fine partial effect, and accidents of a more familiar nature.

However the eye may be pleased with his other pieces, yet they do not excite those sensations of horror, which his sea tempests never fail to present to the mind; still, his coast scenery, and light breezes may be considered his best pictures. Conformity to truth and beauty, grounded upon the immutable laws of Nature, constitutes the grand predominating feature of his best works, and from a strict adherence to this principle, he pleased every class of individuals.

Pictures adapted to please only one class of persons, frequently owe their favorable reception to accident, or to some local circumstance; but where ideas apparently contrasted, yet still natural, can be combined upon the easel, and assimilated to the capacity of every observer, this effect certainly and decisively demonstrates the consummate skill of the artist.

Morland possessed abilities sufficient to reconcile contradictions—his pictures instantaneously struck, and equally delighted the correct eye of the connoisseur, as well as of the uninformed spectator. His superior genius, apparent in his grander compositions, may be resembled to the moon,

> " Stooping from her meridian heaven,
> Downward to the waves."

The mutability of human affairs brings us now to the painful task of following Morland into the hands of a bailiff, and through the troubles and mortifications of a prison, to which his depravity, still

more wretched, had brought him! Yet, even thus fallen, and wallowing in the very sty of filth and debauchery, his talents still preserved him some friends, whose recommendation and security procured him the rules of the bench. This ill-fated artist seemed to have possessed two minds—one, the animated soul of genius, by which he soared in his profession—and the other, that debased and grovelling propensity, which condemned him to the very abyss of dissipation. Thus may he be justly compared to the beautiful flower, which contains within itself the two opposite powers of healing and charming the senses, and that of blasting and destroying life!

> " Within the infant rind of this small flower,
> Poison hath residence, and med'cine power,
> For this being smelt, with that sense chears each part,
> Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
> Two such opposing pow'rs encamp there still,
> In man, as well as herbs—grace and rude will.
> And where the latter is predominant,
> Full soon, the canker Death, eats up that plant."

Too truly, alas! was this verified, and too prominently illustrated in the case of the unfortunate Morland. Sunk, in this *barathrum*, or cavern of misery, he had the fullest latitude for indulging the influence of " rude will," to its utmost extreme; here he could mingle with such companions as were best adapted to his wayward fancy—here, in his own way, he could reign, and here could revel. When the writer hereof beheld him thus surrounded by the very " lowest of the low," in a place rendered by dissipation and indolence, more like a brothel-house than the residence of unfortunate genius, he has often been tempted to exclaim, in the language of the poet,

> " When I behold a genius *bright* and *base*,
> Of tow'ring talents, but terrestrial aims,
> Methinks I view her thrown from her high sphere,
> The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
> With rubbish mix'd, and glitt'ring in the dust!"

And often has he turned his eye from the melancholy spectacle, with tears of tender pity—with sensations of disgust!

His constant companion and favorite in this *Castle of Indolence*, was a personage who went under the familiar nick-name of "*My Dicky*," * (of whom he painted a most excellent portrait,) as he had a familiar nick-name for all whom he honored with the luxury of his levee festivities.

Even here, in this miserable abode, that spirit of industry which ever distinguished him in his profession, was not extinguished, and his exertions were certainly not from compulsion (at least it has been so asserted) for, by a single day's attention, he could with ease have procured a week's competent provision; the fact is, that amidst all his seeming contempt for it, and through all the various frolics and mischances of his life, he still loved and idolized the art.†

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* This *Dicky*, a waterman by occupation, was also his confidant and *picture salesman*, that is, the *factor* or disposer of his pictures. If chance sometimes detained the purchaser of a bespoke picture, beyond the time it was stipulated to have been sent for, *My Dicky* was always at hand to carry it forthwith to the pawn-broker's. Morland once sent by this character, the picture of a farm-yard, with a request of three guineas, and as the picture was wet from the easel, he requested that particular care should be taken not to injure it. It sometimes happens that too much care defeats its own intention---this might possibly have been the case in the present instance; for, whilst the pawn-broker was going up stairs to convey the picture to a place of security, his foot unfortunately slipped, and some of his cloaths coming in contact with the canvass, *mirabile dictu*, totally obliterated the head and fore parts of a hog!

The dealer in ready money, not knowing how to remedy this accident, returned the painting with a polite note, apologizing for the accident, and requesting the artist to restore the head of the animal, and to re-touch the damaged parts. This, to use the nervous language of Morland upon the occasion, was a *good one*. No sooner was the picture again in his possession, than he made a peremptory demand of five guineas for complying with the request of his Lombard friend, accompanying this demand with an intimation, that if the picture was not returned in as perfect a state as when it was sent, he should commence an action against the pawn-broker for the recovery of thirty pounds, the value at which he estimated the picture. In this dilemma the latter thought it most prudent to comply with the demand, and in less than an hour the whole business was adjusted to their mutual satisfaction.

† Whilst in confinement, and even sometimes when at liberty, it was common for Morland to earn four guineas per day, and *his drink*, which last was no inconsiderable article for George, who used to tipple and paint alternately. The nature of such an agreement, subjected his employer

Whilst in this place, he painted several pictures for Mr. Jones, the marshal, which we believe are still in his possession; also several for Mr. Graham; a considerable number for dealers; and a still larger number for private gentlemen. The late Mr. Spencer, of Bow-street, had a pretty large collection painted by Morland, during the time of his confinement. One of these was a straw-yard, very highly finished, and to give any degree of interest to such a subject, it was indispensibly necessary, that very particular attention should be bestowed on every part of it. On one of the upper rails of the rack, on which a raven is placed, there appears written, in large characters,

"NO MORE STRAW-YARDS FOR ME.

"G. MORLAND."

This was, perhaps, one of the first symptoms of his slighting, or appearing to slight, the art, although it might merely express his distaste for one particular subject. In proportion, however, as his customers flocked round him, he neglected one essential part—the finishing; some who had purchased his works unfinished, procured some *second hand* to glaze up the fore-grounds, but this has chiefly lain among the picture-dealers, whose skill in supplying half-worn landscapes, with new skies, and in cracking and varnishing historical pictures to produce the appearance of antiquity, can only be rivalled by certain of the productions of the new school of landscape-painting.

Morland, whilst in confinement, retained still a strong tincture of the same vanity by which he had ever been distinguished, and which often placed him in awkward or ridiculous situations. Shutting his

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to attend closely, and preserve him in a proper state for painting, for if once a piece should happen to be left unfinished, some eaves-dropper would generally step in and contrive to hand it off, and the original employer was in that case left to obtain what recompence he could.

eyes upon his own absurdities, he thought the world would be equally complacent, for, although it was a fact of general notoriety, that he was confined within the rules of the King's Bench, he would be conceited enough, when upon a day-rule in term-time, to ride from house to house, in the country round London, where he would strenuously contradict the report of his imprisonment, and afterwards, with a celerity which he was famed for when on horseback, return to town and exhibit himself at every wretched low pot-house he had formerly resorted to.

Unluckily upon some of these occasions, *Little Flannegan*, habited as his servant, has been known to betray his master, by putting in his claim to a share of the conversation, which he would usher in with—"*Give me leave, Mr. Morland—I remember ven I vas an officer in the Fleet,*" &c.

Morland, when distressed, was not barren in expedients. Upon some occasions he might even be considered as witty. The writer remembers once, a brother artist coming in carelessly, the slovenliness of whose dress was an exact contrast with Morland's, begged leave to sit down, saying he was "*a-hungry* and *a-tired*"—to which Morland instantly replied—"Very badly *attired* indeed!"

A whimsical story has been circulated respecting his readiness at finding out resources, and which wears every apparent mark of authenticity.

Upon his departing from Deal, where he had been making sketches of the coast, he returned to town on foot, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Williams, the engraver. The extravagant humours of the preceding evening, distressing to relate, had rendered the exchequer pennyless. Morland felt a craving appetite for some refreshment, but the great difficulty was how to procure it. Observing a low-built

house by the road-side, over which was placed an animal intended for a bull, Morland, who was seldom at a loss for entering a public-house, soon introduced himself, and under pretence of enquiring his way, expressed his surprize to the landlord, that he did not renew his sign, which time, it seems, had nearly defaced. Boniface alledged his inability to get it repaired on account of the charge, at the same time observing, that it was good enough for his humble dwelling; but, upon Morland's offering to paint him a new one for five shillings, he immediately acquiesced, and commissioned him to make a trial of his skill. Here, however, a new difficulty occurred: Morland was without utensils, which could not be procured at a smaller distance than Canterbury, to which place (not without some difficulty) the landlord was persuaded to send. In the mean time the travellers had bespoke a dinner, and had exhausted several pitchers of good ale, with at least a *quantum sufficet* of spirits, all which could only be paid for by painting the sign.

The reckoning, however, before the bull was finished, instead of five shillings, the sum contracted for, had increased to *ten*, and the chagrined landlord reluctantly suffered the travellers to depart upon Morland's explaining who he was, and promising to call and pay the landlord at a future day.*

About three years before his death, Morland received a severe stroke from the palsy, which so heavily shook his whole frame, both intellectual and corporeal, that sometimes whilst in the act of painting, he

* Upon his arrival in town Morland related this adventure at the Hole-in-the-Wall, in Fleet-street, and the singularity of the story induced a gentleman who had conceived the highest opinion of the artist's compositions, to set off privately towards Canterbury, in quest of the Bull, which he purchased of the landlord for ten guineas.

would fall back senseless into his chair—at other periods, he would sleep for hours together. His left hand, also, was so much inflamed as to disable him from holding the implements of his profession.

One consequence of this disorder was, that he found himself compelled to draw in pencil and in chalk, some of which he used to tint lightly. From hence the country has been enriched with drawings of a superior description, and in a style at once bold, original, and new.

These may be even termed a school of arts to direct the liberal studies of young draughtsmen, as many of them have been engraved in chalk, which approximates the nearest to his own style, and which appears to be the best method of imparting to his works, the spirit which they obviously require.

We come now to conclude this "strange, eventful history," but first order obliges us to pursue the subject of this narration briefly to the moment of his death. The last insolvent act restored him to society; he still, however, continued at his former residence in St. George's Fields, chiefly associating with the lowest myrmidons of legal drudgery, until a family disagreement caused him to separate from his wife, when he took up his residence with a sheriff's officer in Roll's-buildings, for whom he afterwards painted several pictures, and in whose official capacity he once degraded himself so far as to become coadjutor.

At length he was taken in execution by a Marshalsea-court writ, to the house of Mr. Attwell, Air-street, where having swallowed a large quantity of spirits, this unfortunately produced a fever, and speedily terminated his existence, we are sorry to add, in the very extreme of wretchedness, penury, and distress.

Thus departed George Morland!—that remarkable and excellent master of his art, whose professional life, contemplated from the brilliant side, will doubtless prove to his brethren of the pallet, that

however inspired by genius, without sedulous application, perfection must not be expected: and may the rising generation be instructed from his fate, that genius itself, however original, or all the high qualities found in a consummate artist, will never shield the possessor from misery, unless accompanied by that prudence, temperance, and integrity which can alone insure respect, esteem, and admiration!

We shall now, according to promise, give a description of subjects painted by Morland, as they may occur; and, to compensate for any seeming irregularity, references to every print. First, we must premise (as indeed we have more than once intimated) that their general characteristic is Simplicity; that is, a delineation at once chaste, unaffected, and natural.

Few of his pictures, we believe, fail to strike alike the feelings and the sight: such is the fascination of his performances, that the spectator (provided he takes a delight in the art) instantly becomes a partaker of the voluptuous banquet, of the summer sky, or the chill and wintry roughness of the straw-yard. Pursue him in all his glowing representations of domestic comfort, you derive animation from his fire-side, and even feel a desire of refreshment, while admiring his homely characters at their meals. Who can behold the admirable print of

THE PEASANT'S REPAST,

And by the malignity of the husbandman, who sternly views the boy finishing his mug of ale, be not truly sensible how sweet the home-brewed must have trickled down? This print is one of those that

prove how successful the pencil of Mr. Morland was in delineating the passions. Desire, the most prominent of them, has here its full scope; the possession of the last drop would have elated a countenance depicted with malice and menaces. He is uniform in all he means to express; the keg turned on its end, at the boy's left foot, denotes emptiness, and accounts for the moroseness of the countryman.

The effect of light and shadow in this print is rich and harmonious; the figures and their tints are all in a mellow keeping; the grouping of them true to the principles that constitute the line of grace; and the group pyramidical with the highest light brought into the centre of the picture, on a sort of rough sheep-dog, while the interesting countenance of the child strongly denotes want. The back-ground is enriched with foliage, and forms a pleasing, characteristic, and judicious scene for the subject.

The dog looking at the child eating, and the solicitude expressed by the infant, fearful of having its meal snapped from it, are incidents extremely natural. Every object in this print possesses an interest; each has its attractions, and so naturally expressed, that it may rank first among the best of this artist's productions.

The companion of the above, entitled,

THE LABOURER'S LUNCHEON,

Is a pleasing, but by no means so excellent a subject. The figure on the ground is certainly in a difficult attitude to represent with ease. In this Mr. Morland's great knowledge of drawing overcomes what to most artists appears an Herculean labor. The bare outline of an academic figure would appear at first sight nowise difficult; but let the student clothe his figure in the habiliments of agricultural indigence, it would then be the test of abilities, to give the rustic an easy and natural effect

in the stiff cloth jacket and hard leather breeches. It may be asserted there is a choice in all we do, and the truth of this cannot be denied; the ploughman in his annual new suit would not be equal, (in picturesque appearance,) to the same figure, when seven or eight months wear has rendered his covering loose and free; but as choice depends on taste, and the abilities to depict what we see, it may be fairly urged in this instance, that Mr. Morland's conception is replete with judgment.

SUN-SET, A VIEW IN LEICESTERSHIRE, OR A BOY BURNING WEEDS.

There is certainly no period when the mind is more tranquillized, than at the decline of a serene summer evening. Nature, satisfied with herself, enjoys those moments that are better felt than described. Labour, relaxing into repose, feels an indifference to hurry and tumult. The farmer, after the fatigue of attending the market, slowly ambles home, and the children of the village enjoy their evening meal. Content and frugality form the wealth of the indigent.

The print of the above subject is a very meritorious production, and does infinite credit to the abilities of Mr. James Ward, the engraver. By introducing a rich etching under a mezzotinto ground, he has produced a spirited effect. The principal group consists of a countryman on horseback, receiving a jug of beer from a female at the door of a hedge ale-house; while a spaniel under the nose of the horse is viewing a cur at a short distance, in a couching attitude. The figures form a graceful pyramid, without the slightest affectation. Two children at the door of the cottage, and a boy burning weeds, make up the remaining figures.

The cottages and their accompaniments are rich and luxurious; nor has the discerning eye of Mr. Morland omitted the wretched daubing of a country sign-painter. There is in many of his works a severe

satire on ignorant presumption. Volumes could not convey more than he has done in this simple effusion. In the portrait may be traced the likeness of the artist's crony, in the form of a starved Blue Lion.

WATERING THE CART-HORSE.

This print forms one after an assemblage of pictures collected by Mr. J. R. Smith, of King Street, Covent Garden, for the express purpose of completing a variety of specimens of the works of Mr. Morland.

In representing what may be termed single subjects, a strict regard is paid by Mr. Morland to the accompaniments suiting the subject. There are no clumsy attempts to introduce such matter as will take off the effect from the principal object. The print before us represents a tired cart-horse after a day's work, with a farmer's boy reclining on its neck. The light is judiciously thrown on the figure, which becomes as interesting as the horse. There appears, however, a glaring defect in this print, though it possesses so many perfections, in having only one ear shown, and that somewhat out of proportion.

RUBBING DOWN THE POST-HORSE.

(*Companion to the Former.*)

An animated representation of life. The spirited drawing of the figure wisping the sides of the animal, and the fire of a blood-horse, were perhaps never excelled. The animal's form is correspondent with its feeling; the swollen nostril, starting eye, open mouth, and lifted leg, all denote its sensation. There is a unison in this, as in most of Mr. Morland's works, (where spirit is required); it may, indeed, be called motion, and when he means to describe repose, a pleasing lethargy pervades his subject.

SETTERS.

A brace of game dogs are reposing on a pavement at the foot of some steps. The fore-shortening of the farther hind foot of one of them is very fine. The other dog, however, going away from the former, is, on the whole, the best; the drawing is correct, and in a good tone of coloring.

THE RUSTIC BALLAD.

From a picture by Morland, at a very early part of his life, and but indifferently engraved.

HAYMAKERS.

Companion to the Rustic Ballad, and of the same description.

REFRESHMENT.

From a small picture painted about the year 1786 or 1787. In this early effusion may be traced the future hopes of that genius we have since seen exhibited. The subject an ale-house door, the landlord relating a story to his guest, with a beggar-boy holding a grey poney, and a spaniel leaping from a table into the porch of the house.

CONTEMPLATING THE MINIATURE-PICTURE.

The original picture from which this print is taken was at one time in the writer's possession; it was painted in a moment when necessity obliged the artist to substitute a piece of pasteboard for a framed canvass. The engraving is in mezzotinto by Mr. William Ward. It is a pleasing subject, and very tasteful in the composition; the drapery loose and natural.

THE COTTAGER'S WEALTH.

The subject the inside of a stable; a woman feeding pigs with the refuse of cabbages. The original picture by no means had justice

done to its merits. The principal figure is tame, apparently from a desire of the engraver to finish it highly. The character of the ass is natural, and expressive of patience. The wishfulness of this animal forms a prominent feature of the print. Morland gives an interest in general to all that belongs to the story he represents, which this may truly be said to prove. The pigs are, in the print, perhaps better executed than any other part, from strictly copying the picture, without attempting to mend it. Certainly few engravers are capable of successfully making this attempt. The head of a spaniel, ill introduced, and a child, make up the remainder of the print.

FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

Morning and Evening.

Genius is certainly the attribute of heaven; but, without application, however rich the soil, it is seldom productive. This is a failing that even envy itself cannot attach to Mr. Morland. Since the first time the writer knew this gentleman, he was remarkable for an early and almost constant devotion to his profession; studious at all times, without the affectation of appearing absent; and in his hours of relaxation from the easel ever indefatigable in pursuing the knowledge of scenes adapted to his talents. At that period of his life, when his abilities became conspicuous, the writer has often observed his industry; and what had slightly attracted his attention the former evening, was depicted in dead coloring before breakfast the following morning. The strength of his memory was equalled by few. This, perhaps, accounts for the diversity of his subjects, and the facility with which he pourtrayed them. He seldom engaged in any company without a view, though he has constantly joined with alacrity in a fishing or shooting party, when the instant his mind had stored objects for his purpose, a

sudden desertion might be expected. Ever restless, he could not bear the same spot, nor the least constraint. Variety was his object, and without variety few painters can excel.

In one of these pursuits he formed the materials for this charming pair of prints.

MORNING.

The subject of this print represents a sportsman uncoupling his pointers in a stable, whence his servant, in the capacity of a marker, is leading out his shooting poney; his hunter is in the next stall, a gamekeeper's old poney at the door, a cat in the window, and a setter leading off, are the whole of the figures and animals.

The clouds breaking up, and receding with hazy lights on their extremities, are shown through the stable-door, which is left quite open, to present the break of morn. The picture consists of one large group, so judiciously managed, as to have the appearance of a double one. The dogs, with the sportsman uncoupling them, are the prominent figures, and make the principal group; the shooting poney, the country boy, and the hunter make another; and the whole together have a pleasing effect, without the least confusion.

The dogs are drawn with a beautiful character, easy and natural; and an anticipation of the day's diversion appears visible in the animals as well as the figures. The whole of this print is well depicted; but, though the best of the pair, it does not tell its story equal to the following, its companion—

EVENING.

This presents us with a wearied sportsman seated on the bench of a hedge-ale house door. The host is admiring a hare which he holds in his left hand, probably the last shot made in the day; while the squire is relating to him the tale of its death. In the head of the landlord there

is a strong character; and in the original picture, which once passed through the writer's hands, and from which the print is engraved, there is some fine painting, inferior, perhaps, to no artist. A child on the left hand of the host, with a spaniel, and a brace of pointers, compose the group at the entrance of the cottage. The relaxed position of the sportsman is evidently drawn from nature, as well as that of the dogs. The pointers reposing under the bench on which their master is sitting, shows them to be under command, and though tired down, they cannot help lifting their heads, to partake of the story relating by the squire. They are painted with great judgment; the dogs that in the morning appeared sleek, and in fine condition, are now represented, from the fatigue of the day's sport, hard-marked, and shew their anatomy. We notice these minutiæ to point out the general accuracy of Mr. Morland's observations. As a favorite pastime, the writer is enabled to form an opinion, having frequently seen pointers, at the beginning of the season, appear in high flesh and spirits in the morning, though at night quite the reverse. This is very common with such as, prior to the season, were kept chained, and with little or no physic and exercise.

The marker, with the birds suspended by his side, leading off the shooting-poney, are objects characteristic of the scene, and with a countryman listening from the window of the ale-house, form the second group.

In coloring, the original is rich and harmonious, and may put many pictures of the Venetian school to the test. It is painted according to the rules of the art, with a comprehensive view of nature; the breadth of light and shadow, the mellowness and sweetness of penciling, are not to be excelled. The richness and manner, with the time represented, which is a glowing evening after a hot day in September, is in fine *repose.*

THE FARMER'S STABLE, NO. V. *published by* J. R. SMITH.

So many prints have appeared under the title of the *Stable,* as the *Higler's,* the *Farmer's,* the *Carrier's Stable,* &c. it will be necessary to distinguish the different prints from Mr. Morland's pictures by the original publishers. The print before us is one of that beautiful and select set published by Mr. Smith of King Street, Covent Garden. To this gentleman the public is principally indebted for the best prints after Mr. Morland's works. He cultivated an acquaintance with the artist for their mutual benefit; nor was his discrimination less in the choice of an engraver to do his works ample justice. For this purpose he selected Mr. William Ward, the mezzotinto-scraper, brother-in-law to Mr. Morland. Whoever has examined Mr. Ward's performances, will readily agree that Mr. Smith could not have chosen a gentleman in his professional line so equal in taste to his original. Mr. Smith would probably have bestowed his own talents on the work, had not his inclination to the historical and portrait line of painting proved more productive. The works of Mr. Morland will naturally lead us to notice persons more or less connected with him and his performances, but these digressions the reader will doubtless pardon.

The assemblage of pictures in the possession of Mr. J. R. Smith, and from which the very best prints after Morland are engraved, were exhibited by that gentleman at his house in King Street, Covent Garden. It is supposed Mr. Cartwright had also a concern in this collection. The public have to regret, that some time since, both the pictures, and the plates after them, came to the hammer.

Mr. William Ward, the principal engraver of Mr. Smith's property, was a pupil to the latter, as was also the writer's brother-in-law at the same period. The instruction they both received from Mr. Smith, might have rendered them rivals, as they equally possessed genius and

attention, but as they advanced in life Mr. Ward bore away all competition, the other pupil losing himself in every thing but industry. The continuance of Mr. Ward's indefatigable attention has gratified the admirers of the arts with engravings of many of the works of Mr. Westall, published also by Mr. J. R. Smith. They possess all the fine drawing and effect of that artist, without the blemish attending on his *minutiæ*.

The portraits of Mr. Ward exhibit a judgment and taste rarely attendant on an engraver's works. Spirited and delicate, they possess a simplicity we all look for, in the engaging lineaments of a female countenance. His out-line may be naturally supposed accurate from his practice, while his attitudes appear the result of genius.

The farmer's stable is represented by an old grey horse, two goats, a sow and pigs, with two men, one bringing corn from a loaded cart, the other descending from the loft over the stable. The only part of this print of any consequence, is the horse, whose ruggedness and hard marking savor of age. It is a pleasing subject, with very little story.

THE FARM YARD

Is a subject not altogether unlike the foregoing. A most egregious blunder appears in the ears of the grey horse, and, what is more surprising, Mr. Morland never could by any means be induced to alter it. The writer hereof has often wondered that he made so few mistakes, while certain artists, unconscious of their own imperfections, have found innumerable faults in his works. A painter once had the presumption to intimate, that all his merit consisted in *trick*. It is really difficult to comprehend what he implied by the term.

The group of the two horses and a dog, are by no means equal to many of Mr. Morland's works. The boy feeding the pigs in the

Morland del.

Scott, sc.

THE FARM YARD.

From the Original in the Collection of W.m Thos. Fabser.

sty the luxurious branches of an aged oak over-hanging the farm-yard, and the spirited pencilling of the straw in the fore-ground, are the only parts of this picture worthy of notice.

RETURN FROM MARKET.

We naturally attribute perfections of different descriptions, to different artists. M. Angelo Buonarroti, might be said to astound; Raphael to captivate—and Corregio to soften and enlarge the mind. The accuracy and grouping of the first master, the elegance and grace of the second—and the fore-shortenings of the third, bear away all competition. If we should be inclined to give the palm of coloring to another, surely it must be to Titian, and to this perfection he added the merit of sublimity in his subjects. The Venetian school has long excelled all others in coloring, and has been in vain attempted to be imitated by the moderns. The ancients possessed the art of coloring, without ever outraging the modesty of Nature.*

In making use of the expression *outrage*, we mean an inference altogether applicable to the works of Mr. Morland. He does not attempt to exceed what he has seen; he delineates faithfully all that rural simplicity which we are accustomed to meet; and, if he omits any thing, it is the gross and disgusting impurities of the Dutch school. We may, perhaps be asked, what affinity there can be between the subject of this book, and the great Angelo, Raphael, and Corregio? To this we must reply, that the grand conception of Michael Angelo in his *Last Judgment*, exhibits the powers of a man replete with the

* Some few years since a lady offered, for a sum of money, to instruct the painters of the English school, in the Venetian manner of coloring. Several of our first artists paid for the secret, and produced such horrid infringements on Nature, as to frighten the spectator—*Blue Devils* and *Red Angels*, were the prominent blazon of that year's exhibition.

study of history and divinity; and, on the other hand, does not Mr. Morland delineate, as faithfully as pencil can, all that he intends to describe? If he succeeds to the admiration of those who behold his works, is it not going as far as he ought? Should he attempt more, would it not be violating his pencil? He faithfully pourtrays rural scenes—to exceed simplicity would be distorting Nature; of course, where all is done that is intended, the artist is to be ranked among the first of painters. We mention Raphael for *grace and elegance,* thereby inferring, that in these qualities, as far as rural taste, and representations from novels and ballads require, Mr. Morland is entitled to every praise. His female figures in the prints of *Louisa,* are natural and elegant, and, without deviating from truth, we may add graceful.

In early life Mr. Morland painted a number of pictures from novels, &c. which possess charms altogether different from his delineations of rural life; and many of them, from the introduction of female figures, required and possessed both delicacy and taste. This could be proved as well from prints as from many of his works, which have been engraved, particularly—*Love and Constancy; Seduction, or the Harlot's Progress;* the *Squire and Cottage Doors;* the *Visits to the Boarding School;* and *Child at Nurse,* besides an infinite number of other productions, including a picture painted at the age of sixteen years, now in the writer's possession, which was an early specimen of his abilities.

In quoting Corregio, the sweetest and most impressive of painters, we may surely be allowed to digress a little in our comparisons. Unaffectedly studious, the divine Corregio may be said to excel in every thing. Well might Titian say to the ignorant monks, when he passed through Parma, in the suite of the emperor Charles V.—"If I were not Titian, I could wish to be Corregio," Will posterity credit the

wretched judgment of the Cenobites, who told Titian they had it in contemplation to obliterate a work he was regarding with all the rapture of enthusiasm—it was no other than the *chef-d'œuvre* of Antonio Allegro, (called Corregio from the place of his birth) the *Assumption of the Virgin*, in the cupola of the cathedral of Parma.*

The notice of this great master naturally leads to any anecdote respecting his works, not universally known. Mr. Bartolozzi engraved a plate for Mr. Poggi, of Bond-street, from the Madonna of Corregio, for a correct copy of which Mr. Poggi had paid very handsomely, and deeming Mr. Bartolozzi the most correct artist of his time, with his usual liberality agreed to any price Mr. Bartolozzi might fix, provided the execution should equal the merit of the copy. On the proof being shewn to Mr. Poggi, he complained of its insufficiency, and refused to take the plate, alledging that Mr. Bartolozzi had made his pupils the organs of so great a master; and to prove the truth of his allegation, gave the same drawing to be engraved in mezzotinto, by Mr. W. Ward, who produced a plate from the copy that might almost be said to rival Corregio himself. It is certainly a pity that so wonderful a genius as Mr. Bartolozzi should impose on the public the spurious works of emigrants, and his half-taught pupils, as his own. We are exceedingly sorry that this prostitution is become so very prevalent as it is at present with gentlemen of unquestionable abilities, whose names appear to engravings as unlike their manner, as they are devoid of merit.

To return to Corregio. His wants prevented him from indulging

* The miscreant monks of Parma, after he had painted the dome of their cathedral, paid him in copper coin; the weight of which, carrying it home in the heat of the weather to his family, brought on a fever, and terminated his valuable life.

his curiosity in straying any considerable distance beyond the village which gave him birth, until he settled at Parma, and he does not appear to have left that town at any time in quest of knowledge; indeed, he made Nature his guide, and in so doing how could he err? If Mr. Morland has, in his line, successfully done the same, we may conclude that he is literally a second Corregio.

The print of the *Return from Market* is an early production of this artist, painted about the year 1786, and contains no less than eighteen different figures and cattle. Hence it might be supposed to be a crowded jumble—the reverse is the case: a nice and judicious discrimination runs through the whole; the groups are interesting, and a tale is evidently told, under the porch, respecting the state of the markets.

The principal group consists of a farmer's wife, and a female servant, returning from market in the cart; the plough-boy at a respectful distance leaning on the opposite side of the cart; a carter lolling on his poney, and a servant belonging to the Bell (the inn represented) receiving payment for a mug of ale. The natural ease and personification of the figures at once please and interest, and the *tout ensemble* captivates the mind, as a just representation of actual Nature.

What would offend the eye in a good picture, "the painter discreetly casts into shadow." In this print he has painted the representation of a cart, excelled by no sketch from dead life ever made; but notwithstanding such perfection, its appearance would be hard and ungraceful had he not judiciously placed a group of pigs and a sow before it, to relieve the hard track of the wheel. The back-ground, as in most of his pictures, is rich and appropriate; a boy listening to the conversation in the porch, and holding the halter of an ass, with a spaniel, complete the subject.

FEEDING THE PIGS.

Few countries boast of any painters of eminence who have not swerved from the style they have been first taught to study and admire. Of the French school we see Casanova, the master of Loutherbourg, courting the rural and simple scenes of his country;—Vernet, another artist whom this gentleman had in his mind, depicting subjects that came within his compass, enriching them with the sweetness of Claude, and partly adopting his choice;—Paul Potter of the Dutch, with Adrian, Vandevelde, Wovermans, Berchim, and Ferg, in their respective lines, studying the domestic and rural style; in the Italian manner, Claude and Swonevelt the pastoral.

It was partly thus with Morland; but he cannot be strictly said to have been initiated in any particular style of painting, as his father was more desirous of his becoming a thorough draftsman. Probably by these means he hoped his inclination would lead him to historical painting, certainly of all others the most elevated and dignified branch; however this may be, his genius soon burst forth, and discovered his bent to be landscape and rural life.

The print of *Feeding the Pigs* was the first published of that beautiful set selected by Mr. J. R. Smith. The title given the subject is taken from a secondary group in the picture. We might suppose that the man harnessing the horses is preparatory to the *Going to Market*, and give it that name, but that another, by the same artist, published by Mr. Orme, bears the latter title. In this, as in many others of his works, a grey horse is the principal light, and, though a charming subject, it may be deemed a plagiarism, if such a term can be admitted in painting, as a print from a picture by the same artist, (in the possession of the Rev. Bate Dudley, and published by the late Mr. Macklin,) has the same attitude of a grey horse coming out of a stable. The sows and litter of

young pigs, feeding from the offal of greens in the apron of a female figure, are depicted with all the voluptuous greediness of these animals; the female attitude, easy, natural, and expressive. A boy tying up his stockings, and a horse waiting in the farthest part of the yard, with another coming out of the stable, make up the remaining parts of the picture.

THE DRAM.

In our comparisons of Mr. Morland's works with those of the grand style of painting, we may probably be censured for our presumption; but, let those gentlemen who are masters of the expanded style ask themselves, if simplicity be not the first step towards truth? Should they consider it otherwise, we can only say that every man has a right to enjoy his own opinion. To preserve simplicity is the sure way to arrive at perfection, and those who despise it may attempt beauty and delineation, but seldom succeed. Rubens, whose genius overpowered all his competitors, may be said to have culled the sweets of painting, and by combining the Venetian coloring with the ideas of Corregio, the prince of the Lombard school, he arrived at such perfection in the arts of colors and the attitudes of nature, that it is much to be doubted if the cupola of the chapel at Whitehall, do not vie with the celebrated performance at Parma, that cost Corregio his existence. In the production of Morland before us, there appears a coincidence with the famous picture of Rubens in the church of St. Augustine at Antwerp. The subject, as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes, (if it can be so called, where no story exists,) he has represented by a certain number of figures, so judiciously disposed, as to connect the whole of a picture, both above and below the line of the horizon, forming fine groups and noble attitudes, without any relative circumstance. On the contrary, the print called the *Dram* has reference to every event probable. The figures tell a tale for them-

selves, and by judicious management form one of the completest groups we have ever seen. The lights are so disposed as to fall with a transient gradation from the principal figure to the end of the group, without the least impropriety. The back-ground is correspondent to the figures, and represents the sombre effects produced from a storm. Where Mr. Morland thinks proper, he judiciously introduces the gravest parts of nature, as well as her gayest scenes, alternately telling his story by his back-grounds and figures, while the latter, by their countenance, are descriptive of circumstances and weather.

The print of the *Dram* consists of four figures represented on as many steps above each other, so arranged as to form the concatenation of a group. No evident mark appears throughout Mr. Morland's works, to prove his deficiency of the knowledge of the anatomy of the human or brute creation, (as he seldom attempts by any trick to hide the extremities, or bury the legs of his figures, and animals in straw or foliage.)

In this print the passions are nicely discriminative of the want of refreshment in the figures. The simplicity of the girl, pouring out a dram to the traveller, has a countenance so interesting, and attitude so elegant, that it is no wonder Mr. Ward should substitute a likeness of the painter's sister* in many of the works of that artist, where simplicity of character was required. The traveller's wife, pressing the infant to her breast, is truly indicative of want of nourishment, and expresses her necessity for the relief her good man is waiting to hand her. It has been imagined by a lady, that the boor's intention to satisfy himself, and her anguish and distress, proceed from desire and want;

* We have already observed, that Mr. W. Ward, the engraver, married the sister of Mr. G. Morland, a lady of exemplary conduct, whose genius, if cultivated, might have rivalled her brother's reputation as an artist. In countenance Mrs. Ward is very like her brother, with a character at once pleasant and interesting.

and we must acknowledge that the lady's opinion bears an excellent conception of the subject. However this may be, want and desire are strongly indicated in her countenance. A child viewing its mother, and a dog, form the rest of the composition.

THE STORM.

(*Companion to the* DRAM.)

We recollect in one of the elegant orations delivered by Sir Joshua Reynolds, how strongly he impressed the minds of all present with the necessity of a consistency of subject: if the winds affect the component parts of a landscape, surely the figures are not to be inanimate; the scene, he observed, would at once become ridiculous. Sir Joshua has not left behind him a chaster, or more spirited representation of his own ideas on this subject, than his wonderful picture of the cauldron-scene in Macbeth. The perturbed state of Macbeth's countenance will stamp an eternal memento of his well-earned fame. The frantic gesture, and disappointed greatness, blasted by the weïrd sisters, in representing the progeny of Banquo succeeding to the crown of Scotland, have a correspondence so classically chaste, as might well induce this great man to hold out consistency as an indispensable quality; and those who have seen his works, and heard his oratory on the same subject, may well endeavour to follow his example.

It cannot be said how often Mr. Morland attended the lectures of Sir Joshua, or read them; but of this we are fully assured, he has culled many of the sweets of that painter, either by ocular examination of his works, or reading his thoughts on the art.

The *Storm* before us has all the beauties of horror, without its depredations. A man holding his hat down with his hand, mounted on a grey horse, facing the storm; a woman with a market-basket, attended

by a boy, and a dog by her side, form the whole of the composition.

The horse and figure on it are in Morland's highest style of spirit and excellence; the principal light falls on the after part of the horse, gradually glides to the other figures, and produces a second and additional effect. It is by such judgment as this that a painter will be known; a patch of light, and another of shadow, however grand, is nothing better in painting than a trick. It may for the moment strike the spectator, but on inspection it will be found to want the greatest beauty of the art, harmony, and a proper distribution of light and shade.

In the works of different artists, there appears a manner of introducing a harmony through the whole picture, though by different methods. These are particularly remarkable in the various schools. The Roman and Milanese artists excelled in a full and bold style, yet their lights, though strong, were dispersed with a judgment that created harmony. The Bolognese may be said to have grouped their colors, as well as their figures, by making each so dependant on the other, that no trace of a single color is predominant.

The Venetian manner is certainly the most grateful to the eye, by presenting the brightest tints so disposed with the warm and coldest colors, and so judiciously reconciled, as to give an universal harmony to the whole.

It is in this last manner that Mr. Morland painted; his lights throw an interest over all the print before us, without violating its chasteness. The storm is one of the most spirited productions of his pencil: it is an animated picture of life.

VIEW ON A COMMON,

(Engraved in Aquatinta by Catherine Prestel.)

The original picture evidently possessed merit; the engraving from it is a most vile copy. Had the old horses in the fore-ground been done justice to, there is little doubt but it might have been interesting.

Six small Landscapes, engraved by Fittler.

1. TRAVELLERS REPOSING.

A rich landscape, with a broad effect of light and shadow; a wood scene, three figures reposing between two banks at the foot of a luxuriant and a perished oak, in the foreground; an old man and child in the centre of the print, a sheep watering in the shadow part, and another at a short distance, with a dog belonging to the travellers.

2. VIRTUE IN DANGER,

Like the foregoing, is a charming landscape. The figure, soliciting the favors of a milk-maid, is a close representation of Mr. Morland himself. A grey poney, and a spaniel at his heels, are attendants during the amour.

3. THE PEDLARS.

An open scene, looking towards a heath. The left side-screen is a high bank, with two cottages, and a young, spreading oak. The figures consist of a man leading an ass, loaded with a pair of panniers; an old woman, and a dog by his side. Behind them is another woman, with a boy in her hands. The beauty of this little *morceau* is its simplicity. You may imagine yourself, while looking at it, really in the country; it is a view very common, and always interesting. In depicting the sublime parts of nature, we feel ourselves elevated; and, in pourtraying the rural and simple scenery, domesticated.

To the sober, but luxuriant garb of evening, we find our immortal bard less attentive than to the chaste and welcome delineations of day. Through his various allusions to morning, another part, perhaps, of this work may permit us to trace him. We may therefore say, that in the simplicity of natural effect, Morland was, in his way, a second Shakspear; at any rate, he was the Child of Nature.

4. SLIDING.

Under the influence of an Italian sky, a painter of that genial clime might be petrified to think on the horrors of a snow-storm. True it is, there are thousands who are exposed to the cruelty of its rage, in order to supply the opulent of the metropolitan part of every country; in return for which, we must however add, the peasant is amply repaid by drawing from the capital his immediate wealth; unlike the merchant, whose risk is doubtful, or whose venture depends on the elements, the honor of foreign trade, and, in case of shipwreck or accident from port to port, on the capricious conjecture of an underwriter, *paid for what he cannot insure*, the dependance of the peasant is placed on a sure footing, and his industry meets with its certain reward.

To return from this digression,—of all the six subjects, the one before us, as a print, has the best effect. The lights have an excellent management, and a clear distinction is made between the frothy snow and more solid cavities of the earth; the swept snow and the ice; the black appearance of which indicates the severity of the weather, and is accordant to the scene, forming a contrast to the more rugged and uncouth appearance of winter.

5. THE TURNPIKE GATE.

Very like the rich scenery of the *Travellers Reposing;* a still and placid subject,—the figures, a man on horseback driving sheep.

6. THE BELL.

Much inferior to any of this charming set of prints, and altogether unlike Morland's style. A multiplicity of figures with little effect, and the drawing both of these and the cattle tame and bad, which we must attribute to the engraver.

THE TEA GARDEN.

A most indifferent subject, and hungry appearance, unworthy the talents of Morland.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

As undeserving of attention as the former.

DUCK-SHOOTING.—SNIPE-SHOOTING.—PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING.—PHEASANT-SHOOTING.

These four etchings are from Morland's drawings, by Rowlandson, who has made the figures in his own satirical manner, rather burlesquing the sports of the field, than delineating nature.

THE FARMER'S DOOR.

A simple cottage-maid at the door of a hovel, with a very interesting countenance,—the drapery loose, and correspondent with the figure. The paraphernalia belonging to a cottage are introduced, and impart interest to the scene.

THE SQUIRE'S DOOR.

A contrast to the preceding print, of which it is the companion. An elegant female, attired in a scarlet habit, relieving a ragged child. Morland has introduced a strength and color into this picture that few painters would dare to attempt. With a glaring red dress, it must be a difficult task to give both chasteness and harmony without offending.

HARLEY AND OLD EDWARDS.

From the "Man of Feeling," an early picture by Mr. Morland, when just out of his apprenticeship; the engraving very indifferent, and, we are sorry to add, all the care of Mr. Smith was thrown away on his pupil, by whom it was executed.

SPORTSMAN'S HALL,

Also an early subject, but engraved in a better manner, considerably broader, and with better effect than the former. All the reference to its being the hall of a sportsman, is a figure with a gun stuck at the end of a long table, and a brace of pointers. There are also a cobler reading a newspaper, and a female figure. The whole is evidently an imitation of the Dutch school; very accurate, but possessing little taste.

RABBIT-WARREN.

The *costume* of the subject well preserved; the anxiety of the boys watching the bolting of the rabbits is naturally expressed, but it is altogether a poor performance, and like its companion.

SPORTSMAN REFRESHING.

Very little can be said, to interest the spectator, on its perfection.

VARIETY.

The versatility of Morland's productions is proved in this effusion. The expression of the female figure, it must be admitted, has all the leer of inconstancy, and brings to the mind the dress and habits of a demirep, at the same time exhibiting a taste and knowledge in the disposition of drapery that few painters can express without stiffness.

CONSTANCY.

Companion to the former; a sweet and engaging figure leaning against a rock, with a handkerchief in her hand. The expression of the countenance is truly indicative of sorrow for the loss of her lover. The figure is simple, elegant, and emblematical of innocence; a white dress, with a straw hat, and white feather. Probably the portrait was taken from the same female as that of *Variety*, Mr. Morland having communicated to it the character of sadness. The distance is the ocean, expressive, perhaps, of the lady's lover having perished at sea. The original picture from which this print is engraved is in the possession of the writer.

THE HORSE FRIGHTENED.

A grey horse starting backward, apparently frightened at a flash of lightning; the back-ground well adapted to the figure. In the print, the bent knee of the horse is much out of drawing, but, on the whole, it is a spirited performance. Mr. Stubbs having treated the same subject so very ably, this print will always appear like a stolen idea.

POLL AND MY PARTNER JOE.

A representation of domestic comfort in low life is here depicted in all its simplicity; the wife busy with her needle, the infant playing with its doll, and the waterman and his partner Joe enjoying their pipe,

with a repose in the landscape. The scene, evening, at a cottage-door, is in strict correspondence, and denotes the day's labor past.

THE PRESS-GANG.

A striking contrast to the former, its companion. All the horrors of an agitated mind are expressed in the countenance of the once happy waterman, while the most ferocious passion and barbarism are exhibited in the press-gang. The female figure in the boat, we believe, is a portrait of a branch of Mr. Morland's family; the male, that of an acquaintance. The back-ground, a row of warehouses by the water-side.

COURSING THE HARE.

A set of four etchings for coloring, executed after drawings in his earliest style. They possess much merit, but are by no means equal to several sporting subjects he afterwards designed. They depict the routine of a day's sport,—*Going out, Bashing, The Chase,* and *The Death.* The landscape parts are very rich.

THE FLEECY CHARGE.

"When now, unsparing as the scourge of war,
Blasts follow blasts, and groves dismantled roar,
Around their home the storm-pinch'd cattle lows,
No nourishment in frozen pasture grows.

"Till Giles with pond'rous beetle foremost go,
And scattering splinters fly at ev'ry blow,
When, pressing round him, eager for the prize,
From their mix'd breath warm exhalations rise."—FARMER'S BOY.

When opportunity offers, the farmer is happy, if an old barn or hovel can shelter his flocks, and the painter is pleased if such can with propriety be introduced in rural scenery, at once an embellishment, and perfectly natural.

The scene before us is the interior of a barn, or stable, with a farmer's man carrying his arms full of provender. Full-fleeced sheep, the greatest wealth of England, denote winter, and their ruggedness, its severity. The simple and interesting attention of the poor animals is expressive of want, and the husbandman's countenance expresses the pleasure he takes in supplying their wants. This unity Morland has happily introduced between man and beast. The animal, by its countenance, most unequivocally says, "I want nourishment;" the farmer, "I am happy I have it to give you." The figure leaning against a pitch-fork at the door-post, we suppose, is intended for the owner of the sheep. The dog between the figures, may be truly said to feel the pinching weather.

NURSE AND CHILDREN.

An early print from an early picture. There is a degree of elegance through the whole, that may be classed as a study from a superior production. The easy attitude of the female child, leaning on the nurse's knee, has the appearance of being from the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. If the position be not taken from the works of that master, it has the greatest merit, being a study of ease, taste, and nature. If there be any fault, it is that age, rather than childhood, is indicated. The female figure, and the infant in her lap, are conspicuous from the attention of the nurse, and the expression of the babe. The boy in the fore-ground, handing a field-flower to the child, is infantine and well conceived, becoming an object necessary for the group.

THE ENTANGLED KITE.

We can see nature in every street; and the most humble individual possesses something, which is his chief and only care. A farmer's emotion, on viewing a rainy day in the hay season, or the miser's con-

tortion of countenance after a decree for treble costs, are perhaps the easiest delineations we know. There is an art in viewing nature that baffles all rule, an intuition grounded on facts, with a relative retrospect to theory. This method is founded on the sight of various works, and a comparison with nature. The nearer they approach it, the higher we deem their perfection. What can we say of a delineation of a supreme or supernatural being? It must be from a conception of the perfect line of beauty, conceiving ourselves a representation of all that perfection of which we are said to be the image. A painter would naturally be led to pourtray all he conceives of excellence; hence we may infer, that he has an art in viewing nature. To represent her is a simple attempt; to cull her sweets is to study the perfection of various parts of a multiplicity of subjects, and then combining the whole, will complete a beautiful symmetry.

The *Entangled Kite* possesses a spirited representation of nature. The old oak, and accompaniments as a back-ground, are rich and luxurious, handled with fire and truth. The passions of pain and desire in the little boy with closed hands, are expressive and anxious. The elder boys are all busied in disengaging the infant's kite, and are well dispersed.

THE ALE-HOUSE DOOR.

Two boors at the door of a cottage, one seated, and the other leaning over his companion. There is very little matter in this print. The ease of the figures, and their natural appearance, are what might be expected from the pencil of this master.

ALE-HOUSE KITCHEN.

A post-boy leaning over a scuttle. The writer feels a peculiar pleasure in viewing this print. It brings to his remembrance some of the

pleasantest hours of his existence. After the fatigue of the day, it has been his accustomed rule, when opportunity offered, to take a ramble into the country. In one of these excursions, Mr. Morland had overtaken him near Wilsden, whence they crossed the common fields of that village to a little solitary inn at Stone-bridge, on the road to Harrow. It was on their entering the kitchen that Mr. Morland saw the figure that constitutes the principal part of this print. Morland did not sketch this figure at the time: his retentive mind had grasped the subject, and before breakfast next morning the writer saw it dead colored. What to him appeared only a careless loitering post-boy, he has made into a charming *morçeau*; and such was the rapidity of his pencil, that in less than three hours the following day, it was finished. The writer solicited him for the picture, but it was already engaged to a gentleman before he knew what the subject was to be. This circumstance has not been uncommon with Morland. It frequently happened that persons desirous of his performances, bought the size canvass they wished to have painted, that when finished they might claim it as their property, and in the mean time prevent the artist from standing still. This there was little occasion to fear, for of all painters, ancient or modern, none could be found more industrious than the subject of this work. He has been frequently at his easel by five o'clock in the morning, and finished by breakfast-time what to most artists would have been a full day's work.

CHILDREN PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

The more we investigate the performances of the artist in question, the more we feel ourselves charmed by the reflections which naturally result from them. It has been the uniform habit of Morland, to select, without appearing to do so, his materials from objects which he meant

at some future period to pourtray: in the Children playing at Soldiers, the natural habits of children are characteristically delineated. The commander, who, as a substitute for the colors or ensign, carries a ragged handkerchief upon a stick, to which another of larger dimensions is attached, accurately depicts the resources of a school-boy; a wooden sword, and a cartridge-paper cap, constitute the whole of the martial paraphernalia.

The simplicity of Nature is herein so irresistibly combined with genuine humour, that—*Risum teneatis, Amici?* We here behold every awkward posture in which it is possible for a school-boy to be placed, and the whole naturally expressed. We find the harangue of the puerile commander addressed to the boy wearing a cap similar to his own, and carrying the school-boy's substitute for a musket (a stick) on the *wrong* shoulder; but what still more characterizes the infantine simplicity of the commander, is that his negligence has suffered his military fervor to supersede the etiquette of military appearance, by leaving his breeches' knees loose and unbuttoned.

This print recals to our recollection, that inestimable character—Corporal Trim, who took a peculiar pleasure on all holiday occasions in mounting with his guard, his *Montero cap*—Happy cap, and happy man! who, by the simple vagaries of his own brain, ravished at once the eyes of his master, and the intellect of his readers, nor was it until the demolition of Dunkirk, that the Montero cap became as useless as the fortifications.

The boy upon his knee appears to be prematurely making ready, having anticipated the orders of his comrade. The merit of Morland appears here strikingly conspicuous; the representation of childish

emulation is aimed at, and pointedly characterized; the same awkwardness is communicated to the boy with the pin-over, who can neither be kept nor be persuaded to be regular; the youth between this figure and the boy kneeling, advantageously contrasts the awkwardness of his companions—he is well described: emulous to excel, and anxious to attain perfection—his attitude, attention, and the whole of his appearance bespeak the perfect boy-soldier.

The drummer is represented by a little girl near the commander, attracting the notice of another, about her own age, sitting on the ground, an innocent and beautiful representation of Nature. A girl with a child on her knee, and an infant behind the soldiers, who is desirous to join the ranks, constitute the remainder of the groupe.

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

This print, although a companion to the other, is by no means its equal; it nevertheless possesses considerable merit; the merriment depicted in every countenance is indicative of pleasure; the smaller children have a greater degree of interest in their countenances, but being an abstract subject, they cannot be grouped with a facility equal to most other playful games of children.

GYPSIES.

(Published by T. Simpson.)

In this print there is something to commend, but there is also much to censure. The woman and child, with a boy leaning against the female, have, indeed, some effect as a groupe, but this is by no

means pleasing. The other figure, a man stretched at length upon the ground is well conceived, though in some measure forced upon the canvas; there is little doubt but the picture from whence this was taken was, as a painting, good, though as a print it is wretched.

CAT AND DOG.

A clear, brilliant print, and exceedingly well executed. The natural effect of a dog and cat meeting, is better known than described. The anger of the feline species, with a curved back and swelled tail, is well contrasted by the eager and ferocious countenance of the terrier.

FAIR SEDUCER.

A complete demirep, although certainly elegant both in attitude and dress.

DISCOVERY.

Companion of the above, and of the same stamp.

DELIA IN TOWN.

A repetition of the same sort of figure—the drapery well managed.

DELIA IN THE COUNTRY.

The subject of this print, although something more delicate in the delineation, still borders upon the representation of some frail Calista, watering the beauties of Nature with the tears of repentance. The courtezan is still visible, notwithstanding the disguise of a morning mob cap.

IDLE LAUNDRESS.

From the native simplicity depicted in the countenance of the female, one is almost induced to excuse her indolence: her attitude is equally easy: reclining on her arm after her domestic employment, fatigue appears to have overcome every faculty. A boy just entering the premises, is taking the linen from the lines; if there be any judging from appearances, he has a marked villainy in his countenance, with which his habit also corresponds. It is a kind of knowledge that indicates in the works of Morland, his acquaintance with the passions, and their appropriate habiliments. The pig, imitating the puerile depredator, is stealing potatoes, and appropriately introduced. Richness, without profusion, constitute the *tout ensemble* of this print.

INDUSTRIOUS COTTAGER.

A country girl, with a bundle of sticks on her head, returning from the wood, with a child by her side, are the principal figures of this print. The innocent countenance of the female corresponds with her situation in life. Few of Morland's works have had a better sale than this and the preceding, its companion.

FISHERMEN.

Hitherto we have seen much of the rural, the domestic, the sentimental, and the picturesque, but little of the nautical knowledge of the artist. Although equal in this branch of painting to every other which he chose to attempt, he appears, nevertheless, to have proceeded at his outset with cautious steps—his diffidence, however, has by no means made him a worse painter. When Morland

had visited Margate, as we have already observed, there was a picture of his which was a long time handed from dealer to commissioner, and *vice versa*, until a small painting of an ass or two, in the yard of a peasant, the scene frost and snow, made its appearance at Mr. Greenwood's auction-room, for public sale, the property of Mr. John Wolfe; this *morçeau* first put the works of Morland into such general requisition throughout the metropolis, and, we may venture to add Great Britain, that upon the appearance of any subject of his *afterwards*, it immediately claimed a price proportioned to its merit.

In due course of time, Morland's picture, entitled, "*View near Margate*," again made its appearance in public, and, strange to tell, produced *six times* its hitherto supposed value. It has been observed by Bishop Berkeley, that "what the eye hath not seen, the mind forms but an inadequate knowledge of;" indeed, he observes, "that it cannot comprehend what it does not know." For this best of all reasons, it is certain that Morland, when he painted the subject under review, had been at some other place than Margate, as the rocks bear no resemblance to those in that neighbourhood; these, perhaps, he copied from Hastings, and on the Sussex coast, where it is known he formed some connexion, which, if not of the most exalted kind, was nevertheless such as answered the purpose of an artist. Smugglers and fishermen are the principal inhabitants of this coast, and therefore the best, and most appropriate subjects for the scenery. Is it, then, to be wondered at, that an artist emulous of excellence, should habituate his manners to their customs, and, if he judiciously winnows away all that is not adapted to the canvass, we can see no impropriety in gleaning from any quarter. How far Morland adopted this judicious discrimination, will hereafter be collected from an anecdote, which will at once fully illustrate his manner.

The effect produced in this print has long been the effort of every artist to imitate, although it is not every subject that will produce such a breadth. The light in the water corresponds with that in the sky, admitting of a gradual decrease on either side; thus, the transition passes through the whole subject, until in each direction it meets the central light, when it becomes luminous.

The pencilling of this picture is happy and well judged—the perspective at once natural and true—the figures, although boldly introduced, make no more a principal than the landscape, but, so judiciously is this subject contrived, that both figures and landscape make up a whole, without suffering either to arrogate or encroach upon the other. Had the figures been less, the landscape would have become the principal, whilst, on the contrary, if the figures had been larger, the landscape would have become only a secondary consideration.

In the works of the elder Vandevelde, we find two elements opposite in their effects, united by the judgment of the master—the violence of the winds agitating the waves, is conspicuous only in the principal part of the picture, for, as the sea recedes towards the horizontal line, the coloring becomes gradually fainter, and the sky, as it verges toward the same point, is heavy and lowering—each imperceptibly softening as it approaches the greatest distance; not that the fact is really so in nature, but merely from the necessity of *a keeping* in the painter's production. Vandevelde's forte, after the knowledge he displays in the delineation of the elements, is that of vessels, which he so aptly introduces, as to make them participate in the agitative effects both of the winds and waves.

There is, indeed, another artist in the Dutch school in the same line as Vandevelde (we mean Backhuyson) who, in simplicity and picturesque boats, and their situations, perhaps, equals, if not excels,

Vandevelde, but in the line of grandeur, (if we may use the expression) all must yield to the latter. The recent productions of Mr. Turner evidently display an eye to both these masters, and although he may give upon the whole a preference to Vandevelde, he cannot, at the same time, forget the spirit and scenery of Backhuysen.

In Morland's painting of the Fishermen, only one objection can be found; the boat they are hauling up on the strand, has more the appearance of a London waterman's "*trim-built wherry,*" than the stout-timbered weather-boat of a fisherman or a smuggler, in either of which capacities these *gentlemen* are completely at home.

The groupe of figures retiring from the beach, and apparently weather-driven, are certainly as well chosen as any set could have been for the subject; the dependencies, as well as the principal, are perfectly in unison; the weather-beaten spaniel seems to feel the storm as much as the laborious ass—both push forward evidently from the effects of the elements, nor is the old man smoking his pipe, to keep off the inclemency of the season, less characteristic: the child before, and the boy behind, constitute the remainder of the subject.

Mr. James Ward, the engraver of this print, has done ample justice to the original, and merits the fame he has so justly acquired, both as a painter and engraver; indeed, the studies of this artist in both capacities, enable him to form conceptions of a picture in a very superior degree.

SMUGGLERS.

This is a companion to the preceding, and comprizes another description of this artist's select acquaintance—here, however, he seems to have profited by his company.

This is a pleasanter performance than *The Fishermen,* although not so replete with science. There is a great variety in the scene before us,

which combines many of the beauties of *Vernet,* with the fire of *Loutherbourg;* the figures have a simplicity, the necessary result of searching after Nature. The writer remembers having once mentioned to Morland, a picture which *M. de Loutherbourg* had exhibited, lamenting, at the same time, that his friend had not seen it; he confessed that no man could have a higher opinion of the abilities of that artist; "so much," said he, "do I admire his productions, that if I were to investigate his works, I should leave my own style, for one I deem far superior." Although arrogance, in his professional line, formed no part of Morland's character, yet what he did scrutinize, he criticised with severity, but nevertheless with justice. In any hour of relaxation, his profession was totally laid aside, nor did he ever introduce the easel, however strong the stimulus.

The rough and hardy demeanor of the smugglers is just and natural; the horses bear a similitude to their masters; the white poney has an appearance of cunning, and seems versed in the calling. The figures in the boat are well drawn, and naturally employed in unlading the cargo; the boat, however, is liable to the same objection as that in *The Fishermen.* The sloop in the bay is such an one as we expect to see belonging to smugglers, and is well contrasted with a cutter in the offing, bringing in with her a breeze.

We cannot say that the landscape in this picture, is as much a principal as the figures; nevertheless, there is no infringement on the general effect, by the introduction of extraneous matter—all parts appear in harmony with a well-disposed fore-ground; the small bay—the broken rocks—the playful introduction of the "ebbing Neptune"—form a grand, simple, and striking combination. The promontories varied, and swelling into the bay, though not so majestic as those in *The Fishermen,* have, nevertheless, a very natural appearance. We can-

not, however, think, that the sky in this print is equal to that of its companion; it is made up of too many fragments of flying clouds, rather descriptive of a windy than a serene evening, the latter of which was evidently intended. Had the distance, indeed, produced a few straggling clouds, it might have been allowable, from the springing up of the evening breeze, and the situation of the cutter in the offing.

BREAKING THE ICE.

(No. 9, of Mr. Smith's Collection.)

We by no means approve of that hurry with which this print has been engraved, yet the masses are broad; the minutiæ of the original painting appear disregarded in the landscape, but the figures, and a poor forlorn ass in the adjoining field, make amends for the defects.

There is also some attention shewn to an old oak, whose boughs and ramifications overhang the cottage of the peasant breaking the ice. Strip Nature of her summer garb, she still has beauties for a painter's study. The luxuriant diversity of an oak, though deprived of its leaves, affords innumerable attractions to the artist, and, like the human skeleton, lays a foundation for its muscular system—these beauties are hid under the summer's herbage, and the artist, to be correct, must sketch them in winter.

The attention of children, is, indeed, easily attracted; but we do not, therefore, conceive that they are the less alive to the bitter effects of the elements. Here we are presented with snow on the ground, during a hard frost, the man properly habited, and the woman well cloathed, whilst a little urchin, stands by their side, half naked, and not in the least affected; this is a trespass on Nature, and is thus improperly introduced, probably for the sake of a picturesque appearance.

THE COW-HERD AND MILK-MAID.

Nothing short of the judgment of Mr. Smith, could have made this subject in any degree interesting. Poor in design, with an apathy throughout the whole; from a want of those accompaniments, in general so luxuriantly introduced by this artist, in his other pictures, the interest of the subject is reduced, and we are reminded of the observation of Horace, "that genius is not always alive."

The Cow-herd is leaning on a black cow, which is well introduced, addressing himself to the milk-maid, who is entering the yard with a pail in her hand. There is a disgusting broadness, between the shoulders of the female, that has no proportion with the head; the attitude, indeed, is altogether tolerable, and it is exceedingly well relieved. A white cow, and some pigs in the fore-ground, complete the subject. From the poorness of this print, it might well be mistaken for winter, did we not see the foliage behind the stile, in a full summer-like appearance.

THE FEEDER.

(No. 7, of Mr. Smith's Collection.)

The first, and most powerful of the passions, we believe, is Desire. All nature, in some degree, acknowledges this position; for whatever may be our propensities, various and complex as they sometimes appear, we nevertheless find they have all their source in a preference, which may be fairly denominated Desire, arising in man from a wish to possess, or in the brute creation, an appetite to indulge.

The colts in this picture, enticed into the stable by the feeder, who carries with him a basket of corn, are inveigled either from appetite or desire to taste food, which is never given to young cattle whilst running the pastures. The very reverse of the two preceding subjects,

which are exceedingly poor, is evident from comparing them with this picture, in which a richness of composition, and accompaniments make every part interesting. Whilst speaking of harmony, and happy distributions of various colours and effects, we are led to consider, how difficult a task it is to introduce black with a contrast, without outraging the sight. In a grand and spirited sketch by Titian, representing the *Holy Family*, St. Christopher, St. Sebastian, and other saints, the original study for the large picture in the Dresden Gallery, and sold by Francisco, duke of Modena, to grace that collection, we have two figures habited in black, and though one is in the foreground, not the smallest infringement appears visible to disturb the harmony of the whole; on the contrary, it gives a brilliancy and bold relief to the figures near it.

There are some liberties, or *happy darings* in painting, which few artists have courage to attempt—we mean a general and comprehensive grasp of the principal effect of the picture, which, unless effected with peculiar judgment, confusion instead of harmony becomes conspicuously prominent. The horse behind the black colt receives the first light, which is conveyed in a most cunning and artificial manner, by introducing a dog under the nose of the black colt, from whence the light glances to the feeder; here a broad mass is happily formed on the right side of the figure, from whence it gradually dies away among the rubbish and straw in the yard. The mass of light is certainly conveyed throughout the whole of this print in a very awkward manner. The transition, by falling from one object to another, without any sort of connection, appears spotty; upon the whole, however it makes a most respectable print, and the painting is such as reflects credit on the artist.

THE CORN-BIN.

(Companion to the Feeder.)

We have classed as many of the collection of prints by J. R. Smith, in pairs, as we have had an opportunity. This print in every point has a preference over its companion, and the light and shadow have a wonderful grandeur.

> " Learn hence to paint the parts, that meet the view,
> In spheric forms, of bright and equal hue ;
> While from the light receding, or the eye,
> The sinking outlines take a fainter dye ;
> Lost and confus'd, progressively they fade,
> Nor fall, precipitate, from light to shade ;
> This Nature dictates, and this taste pursues,
> Studious, in gradual gloom, her lights to lose—
> The various whole, with soft'ning tints to fill,
> As if one single head employ'd her skill."

With respect to light and shadow, certainly Titian and Paul Veronese, reduced to certain principles, what before was vague and indefinite. Thus, confusion has been rendered system.

> " ————————Now, at length,
> The sacred influence of light appears,
> And shoots into the bosom of dun night,
> A glimmering dawn."

It was these masters who established a principle which was the foundation of the Venetian school: a subordination and dependence upon the principal lights, make the lesser parts of a picture the more interesting, as they have a natural reference to the subject—the principal figures receiving the first attention of the artist.

It was by conversing with the Venetian school, that Rubens gained and diffused his knowledge in this branch of the art.

Painters may be said in their works, as much as other men in their habits and manners, *to ride their hobby-horses:* this we complain of in Morland's productions. A white horse is certainly a desirable object, where an artist requires a bright light; but if this is too often repeated, it becomes a plagiarism, or, in the style of Shandy, "a hobby-horse." In almost every subject of Morland's, where there are horses, one is sure to be a white one.

A white horse is the principal light in the print of the *Corn-bin*; gradual diminution of this effect is well studied, and glances from one object to another through the whole print, progressively leading the eye to the subject described, and back to the effect produced. It is a fascination in painting which must always charm, where the eye is led by a gradual decrease in the effect, to the subject that names the print, which is a *Corn-bin,* whence a figure is serving out the oats and beans, which he gives to an underling holding the sieve. The countenance of both horses is very expressive, and the anatomical knowledge displayed in the white one, is as fine as can be met with after those pictures which have been painted by Mr. Stubbs.

This gentleman, we presume, stands unrivalled in his knowledge of the bones of the horse. We do not wish to imply that no artist will ever be equal to him; but as a study, at present, few will be at the trouble to adopt the means which Mr. Stubbs has hitherto taken.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

With all the sublimity attendant upon the works of Raphael, the innocent simplicity of countenance possessed by children, appears, by this great master, to have been completely overlooked. The writer

hereof conceived that the engravers of the cartons had completely lost the character of his children, and to them erroneously imputed this neglect; but, upon seeing a reputed Raphael in oil, in the collection of Lord de Clifford, of King's-Weston, he was convinced that the countenances of his children were by no means equal to his adult figures. A chubby swelled cheek does not alone constitute the specific character of the countenance of a child; there is at all times, except laboring under sickness or disgrace, an engaging smile upon the countenance of children; in their little play, there is also an eagerness expressive of pleasure, and the result of dawning reason; there is, moreover, in their mischievous tricks, a seriousness and vigilance equally expressive—observe them narrowly, and you will perceive the same pleasure sparkling in their eye, at having fulfilled their intentions.

Hence it appears, that Raphael and the Roman school thought little of what Corregio Parmegiano, and the Lombards deemed the most necessary essential. In the hours of relaxation, we find Corregio a most attentive father; a vigilant observation of his children's countenances was to him both a pleasure and a study.

In the Four Seasons, which are single figures of children amusing themselves with the productions of each period, are pourtrayed the true character and simplicity of childhood, each depicted with a countenance elated with its employment, and that employment constituting the feature of the season represented.

The discriminating taste of Morland selected perfection wherever he found it; his stolen glances at infant subjects, uniformly returned fraught with rich treasures to his mind, which, by his art, were faithfully reflected upon the canvass. Morland was always remarkably affable with children, although he had none of his own. It was said by

M. du Palis, when the artist had conceived in his imagination the image of a perfect beauty, or the abstract idea of forms, that he might be said to be admitted into the great council of Nature!

In every thing Morland depicted, his ideas appear to have been so clear and definite, that he was certainly entitled to an eminent degree of applause from his taste, and the unerring discrimination of his judgment.

GIRL AND PIGS.

This print represents porkers in a sty, feeding upon offal, which is thrown to them by a girl.

A certain great personage, upon being shewn some representations of pigs by this artist, quaintly observed, "that the man who was so conversant with the character of a hog, must have been brought up in a pig-sty." To this witty effusion we shall only observe, that if this man had been inspired by a proper emulation, he would have been an ornament to a palace.

GIRL AND CALVES.

(*Companion to the preceding.*)

This is a poor, vapid performance. Two calves tied to a manger, and a girl who has brought them some milk, are the whole of the subject. The inside of the stable wants Morland's usual spirit of handling; —its companion, however, will make amends for this deficiency.

COWS.

We see little in any subject of this description ever painted by this artist, to alter what we have already advanced.

POINTER AND HARE, AND FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

These are only parts of two pictures, which, if engraved, the whole subject might be worthy of notice.

THE FARMER'S STABLE.

When a subject is repeatedly treated, it must be allowed to be a most difficult task to give variety to what has so often appeared before the public eye. Attitudes, however excellent they may be, lose by repetition, and to make an indifferent choice would be to make an indifferent picture. The farmer's stable is one, amongst the many happy effusions of Morland's pencil, and we believe, when it was exhibited in the Academy, it procured him no small share of public notice. This event procured him the patronage of many respectable characters, who, tired out with his promises, found a readier method of purchasing his works than directly from himself, by buying of those who continually attended his easel, and dedicated the whole of their time to his caprice. The Reverend Henry Bate Dudley purchased the original painting, from which the print is engraved, and to encourage rising merit, paid the highest price hitherto understood ever to have been offered for any of Morland's works.—The subject is part of a team of horses entering a stable, with a man gathering up loose hay, and a boy leading, in the foremost, a grey horse. The horse following the boy has an excellent character about the head, but a glaring fault spoils all its other perfections, viz. the nostril being distended beyond all proportion, a fault which we are inclined to believe must entirely rest with the painter, as Mr. William Ward, the engraver, is too correct to have it attached to him. The carter's poney, a cunning little Welch horse, is by far the most interesting of the whole subject; in viewing this little animal one might feel an inclination to be better acquainted with him: his countenance, indicative of good-nature and roguishness, reminds us of what is to be met with continually. It was in minutiæ of this description that Morland stood unrivalled—to nature he imparted character, and that always appropriate; there was nothing sterile in his composition; blending truth with uni-

formity, all his subjects, however varied, were still in unison; his accompaniments never digressed—all were the necessary appendages to the places described.

The interior of the stable in the print, was a favorite building he had often studied, and stood opposite to his own house at Paddington, (the property of a man of the name of Cattel, who kept the White Lion, a sign painted by Morland, and where he also kept his stud, which we have previously noticed.) The house which he here resided in, was certainly of his own choosing, and this from particular motives, as it admitted of numberless studies suited to his fancy: the inn opposite the White Lion, was what is usually termed a road-house for carriers, where they leave and take up parcels, and consequently refresh themselves and their cattle. It is no wonder then that this artist should fix upon a spot where, merely by looking out of the window, he could have an opportunity of making numberless sketches, without the trouble of dragging the subjects to his house. Morland was an artist who stepped more cautiously than was generally supposed; nothing could induce him to risk the representations of any animal, or particular part of any animal in his pictures, of which he had not a competent knowledge, or from which he had not previously made a drawing. Never did a painter more rigidly adhere to the preceding rule, and it is to be attributed to this laudable diffidence, that this artist never was seen to "o'erstep the modesty of nature."

SPORTSMAN'S RETURN.

At one hundred and twenty miles from the metropolis, the writer had once the pleasure of meeting the late Mr. Thomas Macklin, the printseller, with a portfolio of prints; and having, for the two years preceding the interview, resided principally in Wales, every thing he

could shew of the arts was necessarily acceptable. Amongst the collection he brought was a print from the above subject, which created much surprize, it having been a very early performance of Morland, and brought forward at the same period with some of his best works; but what was still more astonishing, the original had been some time before in the writer's possession, and when he suggested to Morland the idea of making a print from it, Morland always appeared averse and angry, promising a pair he had in hand, which he said would much better answer the writer's purpose.

The Sportman's Return is represented by a game-keeper entering the door of an ale-house, shewing a cobler in his stall a hare he has just killed. The game-keeper is followed by two sporting-dogs, which are the best parts of the picture. A carter loosening his poney from a tree, with a waggon apparently going off, constitute the whole of the subject.

DOGS.

(*From the original in the collection of* J. W. Steers, *Esq.*)

Morland was extremely partial to the painting of studies, but such were the temptations continually surrounding his easel, that, with a temper like his, it was next to impossible to indulge any laudable pursuit. Dazzled at all times by the appearance of an handful of gold, he was easily tempted to part with that, which, by improving upon his first attempt, would have produced him ten times the first offer; the desire of putting his hand in his own pocket, and displaying an handful of guineas, which was one of his greatest weaknesses, instead of placing them in a situation secure from the cajolery of his interested flatterers, predominated over every other consideration; this foible was prevalent as long as he possessed a guinea, and when his declining circumstances would not allow such a display, he mixed the silver with the gold,

and often attempted a formidable exhibition of wealth, however small the trifle he might have to disburse.

The subject before us was evidently intended as a study, and a charming one it is; but necessity, arising from the follies of the artist, urged him to finish it as a picture. The wanton is finely depicted in the female spaniel, encouraging the attention of a male of the same species, whose countenance is highly expressive of anger towards a terrier, who appears as a suitor.

The terrier, although a secondary object in the print, is as finely represented as it is possible for a dog to be; a long and familiar acquaintance with almost every species of animal, gave Morland a distinct conception of their specific characters; his cows, however, were the least beautiful of any, and as for a bull, we do not believe his courage would ever permit him to sketch one from life. The writer remembers once to have seen the head of one, with the skin upon it, fastened to the back of a chair, from which he made several sketches; and if the season of the year would have permitted it, he has no doubt but this trophy would have found a place for a week or two in his painting-room; soon, however, it became rather too high *from keeping*, and disappeared after the second day, but not without leaving behind it a week's scent, not of the most agreeable kind to the olfactory nerves of his visitors.

Necessity, or the general solicitations of his parasites, often prompted Morland to finish what he had only intended as a memento;—there were, nevertheless, times when he would run counter, and no persuasion whatever could avail,—this, when it occurred, originated from a certain stubbornness, or an aversion to the party, who had bespoke what he had dead-colored, and which had no relation whatever to a sketch or study.

In studies of Berghem, Adrian, Vandevelde, and Paul Potter, the animal often appeared finished, while the sky, back, and fore-grounds, were slightly dead-colored, or perhaps only partially so.

The objects were frequently taken in three or four attitudes, so that when the painter wanted a whole picture, he had his materials already collected, reserving to himself his choice of grouping, and accompaniments.

THE DESERTER,

In a Series of Four Prints.

1. ENLISTING A RECRUIT.

These paintings were executed by Morland at the time he lived at Kentish Town, or the village of *Mother Red-Cap*. The recruit and recruiting-serjeant are the portraits of a Mr. Irvoin, an early acquaintance of Morland, who, in a very short space of time finished his career in this world, by attempting to pursue those dissipations in which this artist set the example, or, to use the expression of Morland himself, "*this was the first man he ever killed.*"—The trepanning the recruit by means of liquor, and the bauble of ribbons stuck into his hat, are well expressed. The wife, imploring the party of soldiers not to receive her husband, is very emphatical, without which, this would be but a tame performance.

2. THE DESERTER DETECTED.

In this picture, the exasperated wife and wretched mother, assume a more deplorable shape. Irritated against the inveiglers of her husband, the wife has seized a broom, with which she threatens destruction to his pursuers, while one of the party is dragging the deserter from under the bed.

3. THE DESERTER HAND-CUFFED, AND CONVEYED TO A COURT-MARTIAL.

As this print affords very little scope either for variety or genius, it is not surprising that it should be, for want of these necessary qualifications, the most indifferent of the set.

4. THE DESERTER RESTORED TO HIS FAMILY.

The female figure is here the most conspicuous, and at the same time the most interesting. The officer restoring the deserter to his wife, is all that might be expected, from the introduction of a man in a red coat, and that necessarily to be squared according to the precise cut of military etiquette. Martial figures are at all times subjects too stiff, even for the canvass, and consequently still worse for a print. There is, we believe, only one military subject which has ever thoroughly engrossed the public attention, and that is the death of General Wolfe, unquestionably one of the best performances from the pencil of Mr. West; and yet with all its transcendant merit, this painting might have passed perhaps unnoticed, had it not been for the graphic abilities of our Woollet, the first and ablest engraver this country has yet produced.

It was at this hamlet, Kentish Town, that some of the earliest eccentricities of Morland first made their appearance. The writer hereof, upon returning one night with some friends from Hampstead, was accosted by Morland in the character of a patrol mounted on horseback, with a parish great-coat, girded round with a broad belt, and a pair of pistols depending. He hailed us, crying "*horse patrol,*" but not disguising his natural voice, we soon recognized our old friend, who anxiously requested that we would stop at the *Mother Red-Cap*, where, in a short time after, he joined us, stripped of his temporary disguise, having bequeathed his nag to the stable. The coldness of the weather chilled his ardor in this enterprize, which was soon succeeded

by another, equally ridiculous:—this was paying an inhabitant of the parish, who was drawn for a constable, to permit him to serve as his substitute. In this whim he indulged himself but for a short space of time, presiding at night in the constable's chair, and billetting soldiers in the day. It was from his habits of intimacy with these gentry, that he collected the materials for the foregoing pictures. His indulgencies to the vigilant guardians of the night, whom he never failed to supply with liquor, might have been fatal to many housekeepers where he resided, had not an early and proper opportunity been taken to supersede him.

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING.

A sportsman, charging again after having killed his bird, which is brought up to the gun, in the mouth of one of the dogs. The figure is a portrait of Mr. J. R. Smith, and was considered a good and characteristic likeness of that gentleman at the time it was taken.

SNIPE-SHOOTING.

Another single figure, the portrait of one of Mr. Smith's friends, and companion to the former.

The size of the figures affords no scope for more than has been executed.

SELLING FISH.

This represents a scene on the sea coast, with a man upon a grey horse, bargaining with the fisherman's wife for fish.

There is less genius in this picture than is usually found in subjects of the same description painted by Morland: the figures are too large for the landscape, which appears to have been dashed in, in a very slovenly manner. There is, nevertheless, a tolerable eye in the subject, which has rendered it passable.

When Morland could not please himself, he formed a system of creating life and animation by means of light and shadow; this certainly was a trick, if ever he could be charged with using one, which arose from an early acquaintance with the Flemish school, where the constant practice was, when they found a deficiency in the subject, to substitute for that deficiency a tolerable effect.

Hobbima, although a painter of eminence, was nevertheless very artificial in many of his works, by laboring to produce a contour, from a country which, for so rich a pencil, was literally barren: yet this master had so many perfections, that Morland deemed him worthy of his notice, and so late as the year 1790, he copied pictures from both him and Tull.

Being reproached for his littleness in this respect, he was so much hurt, as to declare that as long as he lived he would never repeat it; and it is thought he rigidly kept his word to the day of his death; although, perhaps, it was not so much to the preservation of his word as of his fame, that this is to be attributed; for although he was seldom known to boast of his professional abilities, he nevertheless had sufficient emulation to wish to be thought a master.

THE FISHERMAN'S HUT.

To make amends for a poor companion, the foregoing print, which is considered as such to this, the artist has given a composition at once pleasing and well digested.

There is a something in this subject that will please, although not astonish. The back-ground has a considerable tendency to the taste of the Dutch school, and much in the stile of Vangoen. Morland labored to rid himself of this plagiarism, but it was not until he had an opportunity of remaining a considerable time on the coast, that he substituted different back-grounds.

His visits to the Isle of Wight were certainly of a most beneficial nature: at a period of distress, he was hospitably received by a friend, who had a cottage near Cowes in that island, where, with Mrs. Morland, he remained secluded from the world. During this epoch, an accommodation had taken place with his creditors, and it was generally believed, that it was for this purpose he had withdrawn himself from London. Motives, however, of a very different description, tempted him to accept this offer.—Situated on a spot from whence he could emerge to any part of the island in a few hours, he felt the advantages resulting from hospitality, in return for which, in justice to truth and the page of impartial biography, we cannot say that he ever made any equivalent return, nor even a grateful acknowledgment, to a generous benefactor, who was occasionally his protector in distress, his bail in necessity, and his physician in sickness.

TWO SMALL LANDSCAPES.

(*Engraved in Soft Ground.*)

These are pretty subjects, intended merely as studies for a drawing-book, but not calculated for separate prints.

FISHERMAN'S DOG.

A species of the Newfoundland breed, most probably a portrait of some favorite kept either by himself or friend.

GATHERING FRUIT.

Morland, whilst engaged in painting this picture, received an application to take a pupil, who he was assured would *dead color* his subjects: at particular times, when his humour could not have vent, he was extremely captious, and if teazed, it was really a farce to view the

contortions of his face. Upon this occasion he became entertaining from his petulance. The old man who had brought the youth was loud in his praise, and withal so very loquacious, that Morland, who could not get in a word, became almost frantic.

After a long, but ineffectual attempt to answer the old gentleman, Morland roared out, "D—n it, Sir, if he can *dead color my* subjects, he must be able to paint *his own.*" With this laconic observation he suddenly quitted the room, desiring he might never again be seen by the same party.

This circumstance brings to recollection a similar story told of Rubens by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This master had once a pupil recommended to him, who it was said was capable of painting his back-grounds. Rubens smiled at the presumptuousness of such a pretence, knowing the comprehensive mind it required to assimilate appropriate back-grounds *to his figures,* so as to make a subject interesting.

To communicate harmony to figures, a back-ground must partake of a portion of their coloring, and secure all the treasures of the pallet, without appearing to do so. In this excellence Morland stood unrivalled, and may be truly styled the "Rubens of England." Time, which matures the works of art, will give a mellowness to Morland's pictures, which may create a blush in those minds, who should know better than to doubt his being the *Child of Nature,* which alone through life was his guide in painting, and from whose genuine paths he never deviated.

Gathering fruit is represented by some children under trees, holding out their cloaths, to receive the thefts of some larger urchins, who are stripping the fruit from the boughs. The conversant manner Morland had of treating children as whole subjects has been before observed.

GATHERING WOOD.

This is a scene, in comparison nearly representing the former. The children, gathering wood, are the simple inhabitants of the cottage. The back-ground is rich and luminous from the same cause, which gives interest to the *Gathering of Fruit,* its companion.

In finishing his pictures, Morland gave every proof of his knowledge in the art, by an unremitted attention to the management of his light and shadow; and whatever touching and glazing he conceived necessary, he always preserved the excellence of not interfering with the breadth of the picture, for what is technically termed *high finishing.*— When he diffused light to the subordinate parts of his paintings, it was done in a stile so ingenious as generally to harmonize with the grand mass. His art in this particular reminds us of a figure in rhetoric, where a beautiful metaphor has perhaps strayed *only* to illumine the passage.

THE COUNTRY BUTCHER.

The title of this print has little to recommend it; there is something so exceedingly disgusting in the calling, that from the very mention of the name, no person of taste could conceive that an agreeable subject could be extracted from such an occupation.

On the contrary, however, such are the magic faculties of genius, that every thing which might lead the eye to reproach the painter is averted. The attendant upon the butcher's trade, a bull-dog, lying under a bench, and protecting his tray of meat, is happily introduced. A girl at a cottage-door, pouring out a glass of spirits to the butcher, and an old, goose-rumped, broken-down horse, are the principal parts of the print. The harmony and coloring of the original painting are exceeding fine;—the mellowness of every component part forms but one continued mass, with so gradual a transition that it appears painted with only one color.

The costume of rural scenery, and animals of husbandry, have been closely studied by Morland; the poor broken-down horse, knuckling from infirmity, and hood-winked to denote blindness, are evident proofs of a mind and memory retentive and alive to every necessary impression, by which age, habit, and circumstance ought to be discriminated in painting.

The most highly finished picture we ever saw by this artist, was a Butcher's Stable; in which he had introduced one of that fraternity, with his sleeves tucked up, all smeared with blood, and the tub for catching what came from the slaughtered animal, under his arm; the disgust on viewing this appendage to the butcher, cannot be palliated even by the charming painting of the sheep within the hurdles. Amongst Morland's ridiculous eccentricities this may be classed, as no inducement whatever could tempt him to alter the picture.

It was painted during one of his retreats from the public, and purchased of him by Mr. Merle, since which it has passed through several hands, and is now to be viewed in the Morland Gallery.

SAILORS REGALING AT THE DOOR OF A PUBLIC-HOUSE.

To constitute a good picture, many artists mistakenly conceive it necessary to crowd the canvass, whilst others will scarcely introduce more than a solitary groupe, without either interest or connection.

The happy manner Morland possessed, of frequently introducing a number of figures, without exceeding the propriety of nature, was a qualification that does not fall to the lot of every painter: his scenes are often busy without confusion, and frequently placed in the midst of society. In the "Sailors Regaling" there is a considerable degree of interest; the disposition of the attitudes of the figures are correctly studied: it is astonishing to what a length Morland has gone with stiff

figures, softening stubborn jackets and cramped drapery into loose and flowing folds. We have before observed, that in viewing nature, this artist had a taste and discernment which may not unaptly procure for him, as a painter, the same compliment which was paid by Churchill to Shakspeare as a poet, where he says, speaking of nature,

"She wondered at the work herself had made."

The mind of Morland was much more capacious than most people conceived; he embraced in his studies a wide and comprehensive field, nothing appeared like stiffness or insignificance, all was on the contrary, free and unconstrained, and the rapidity of his execution was only paralleled by the quickness of his thoughts.

Still, however, he was addicted to follies, which the admirers of genius cannot but lament; sometimes he would form meritorious resolutions, and sacrifice his pleasures to the severer duties of his profession; but, alas! these resolutions were frequently the result of momentary impulse, and but too often the evanescent ephemera of the day. Once he was so elated with being informed that a picture which he had painted for four guineas, was sold the day before at the hammer for eighteen pounds, that he put off an engagement for the remainder of the day, to finish a painting upon which he was then occupied. This was a momentary spur, which made him for the time so eager to follow his inclination;—had it been the ardor of genuine emulation, and its impulse followed with perseverance, this artist, instead of being the hero of an obscure pot-house, might have become an ornament to the highest classes of the community.

The sailors at the cottage-door are relating a tale to a girl, leaning over the porch: she appears to be in a kneeling attitude, with a countenance pretty, and adorned with the engaging simplicity of nature. The

sailor on the ground has a keg placed between his legs, with a pipe in his mouth, and his grog on the top of a gin-tub.

In one of his excursions from London, Morland was surprised by his friend and pupil, (Mr. Thomas Hand, who died about six weeks before his master,) seated in the midst of the celebrated Johnson's smuggling crew. In the centre of this motley group was placed an half-anker of gin, from which, each of the parties dipping in a glass tumbler, drank off his quota, passing it afterwards to his neighbour. Morland, also, when it came to his turn, quaffed off his portion, nor was it until the keg was drained, that he left his associates. It was a sort of foolish hobby-horse that always tempted him into this low company; he was vain to a degree when he could be thought a person of consequence amongst such rabble; but in the end he smarted for his weakness; for leaving study, which ought to have been the sole object of his pursuit, he endeavoured to assume the same character as his associates, and in that attempt the liberty and coarse freedom he was greeted with, frequently made him ridiculous.

" Ne suitor ultra crepidam."

IDLENESS AND INDUSTRY.

A pair of demireps, with infinite taste in the disposition of the drapery. The manner of Morland's treating the head-dresses of his females, although out of the fashion, will be always pleasing.

DELICATE EMBARRASSMENT,

and

MUTUAL CONFIDENCE.

Of the same stamp as the preceding.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

A very juvenile production, but painted in strict conformity to the ballad. The female a pretty sailor's lass, waving an handkerchief towards the departing vessel.

POMPEY UNDER DISCIPLINE,

and

THE LITTLE NURSE.

Puerile performances, and badly engraved.

FIRST PLEDGE OF LOVE.

An agreeable subject, painted with feeling and taste. This picture was produced about the period of Morland's marriage.

GYPSIES' TENT.

An intelligent painter, the late Mr. Wheatley, from the versatility of his talents, claimed a notice that few artists of his time felt inclined to dispute; if his fire did not equal that of De Loutherbourg in small figures, his pencil never stepped beyond the boundaries of Nature.

From the manner of his figures, it might be imagined that Mr. Wheatley had studied something from the French school, but, upon a closer inspection it became evident, that the peasantry of Ireland were his sole guide for rustic figures. His encouragement in that hospitable country gained upon him considerably, and induced him to continue his residence there beyond his original intentions. The uncultivated Irish peasant is as wild and picturesque as the mountains he lives upon; his habiliments are loose, if not tattered, with all the careless gait of extreme ignorance—his manners and his garb are correspondent: each

contends for predominancy in the wretchedness of his appearance. It is the similarity of these effects which makes the position and character, as well as the dress picturesque. Attitudes, like the rapid but transient flashes of thought, must be caught instantaneously, or, like these, they vanish never more to return.

In the more elevated department of the arts, Mr. Wheatley also excelled; he was a friend and contemporary of the great Mortimer, and assisted him in painting those beautiful subjects which ornament Brocket-hall, in Hertfordshire, the seat of Lord Melbourne; his gusto was correct, though never grand; pleasing, though never dignified: it was, perhaps, from copying the ruder parts of Nature, that his pencil became adapted to a juster delineation of rural scenery, and as far as that extended, he took a conspicuous lead in the arts. His gypsies were exceedingly characteristic, and his method of grouping and coloring them highly picturesque.

Morland, at an early period, had admired and copied the style of Mr. Wheatley, and as soon as opportunity offered, he sought after these wanderers in the lanes near Wilsden, Hendon, and Hampstead, where he made many sketches from their tribes; from these he collected his materials for the present picture, and it must be allowed it is of the best sort of that species of composition which he ever offered to the public.

This picture, with its companion, The Happy Cottagers, were painted expressly for General Stuart. The trouble the general had in his attendances upon Morland, is almost incredible: whilst the two pictures were in hand, Morland appeared tired out with a few alterations, which General Stuart suggested; at length he became quite intolerable, and would doubtless have sold the pictures the very instant they were finished, if that gentleman had neglected to send for them

in time. The idea of having received a moiety in advance, was a sort of jest with Morland, and as for parting with what he termed *his* property (though after being paid for it) created as much compunction in his breast, as it would have done in the present sovereign of France.

Perhaps this comparison may excite the risible muscles of our readers, but, seriously, these two persons had some traits of resemblance not only in their moral, but their natural characters. The upper part of Morland's head was formed much like Bonaparte's. Of Morland's education we can say but little, but of his natural gifts almost any thing might be credited: time, with him, did not efface even trifles, and, until he lost his powers of reflection by drink and dissipation, he could narrate circumstances of the longest period it was possible for him to recollect, with a degree of precision that would astonish. Both the painter and the emperor appear to have made a boast of their promises, but perhaps no individual could equal either for punctuality in breaking them.

HAPPY COTTAGERS.

Assertions have been repeatedly made, that Morland possessed abilities, the mere mechanical result of practice, but no imagination—that he merely copied what he saw, without ever suffering his intellect to intervene.

In a critique published in The Courier of Thursday, December, the 5th, 1804, we have a long-spun dissertation upon the capacity or incapacity of actors and actresses. It is by this anonymous writer roundly asserted, that genius is exceedingly *slow* and *heavy*; and to prove the position, in this elaborate essay, (which certainly is not defective in the qualities of genius, according to the author's definition) he instances Mrs. Siddons, who in the character of Elvira, he asserts, was so exceedingly disgusting to Mr. Sheridan, when he produced his

translation of Pizarro, that it was not without some degree of persuasion from Mr. Kemble, that he would ultimately be satisfied that she should perform this character. "Let her alone," said Mr. Kemble, "she will comprehend your meaning by and by!" Mr. Kemble, on the other hand, appeared, from this author's report, to be all perfection in the eyes of Mr. Sheridan, from his ready conception and prompt manner in the part of Rolla.

If this be accepted as the criterion of genius, Morland certainly never possessed any portion of that essential dulness; but, for a rapid and clear imagination, we may ask who ever excelled, or was even the equal of Morland in his own line of painting?

There was another sketch of biography, published in the Monthly Magazine of November, 1804, under the title of "*Memoirs of George Morland,*" in which we read,

"All the talent Morland possessed, was observation: knowledge, or "rather learning he had none—he was destitute of imagination; for "there is no picture painted by him after he had arrived at years of "maturity, that can be called a work of imagination."

We confess we feel some of those *slow* and *heavy faculties* cited by the former writer, for we really want *the genius,* to comprehend the latter author, unless he means to affirm that all landscape-painters indiscriminately have no imagination, and never executed any work of this description.

The professors of landscape in every country, have hitherto *copied* the country in which they lived: according to this writer, then, their productions were merely the result of observation. The Dutch school has uniformly produced the flat unmeaning country to which its professors belonged, introducing only such ameliorations as might render their performance more passable; Vangoen, Vandermeer, and Hob-

bima, courted scraps of woods, or the banks of rivers; Tennier, the younger, depended upon his figures, and brilliant style of coloring; Ruysdael, though a favorite painter, appears only to have stolen a few days' recreation on the Rhine: for his water-falls, which are his principal subjects, are all upon so contracted a scale, as to represent a *salmon-weir* more than the grandeur of the falls on the Rhine.

It is not probable he was ever in Switzerland, or the falls of Schaffhausen would never have escaped a pencil so capable of grand effects.

Wynants and Pynacker, two charming painters, are still seen following the same path.

Amongst the painters in Italy, Claude and Swaneveldt depicted also the country they inhabited; here the English enthusiasts launch out in panegyric upon the merits of the former, and seem to think he was principally indebted to his imagination: it is, indeed, true that he had a clear and distinct notion to what length it was possible to carry the art of painting, but, like Morland, from repeated practice, and investigating the appearance of Nature with discriminating judgment, in a climate and country, perhaps, the best adapted for a landscape-painter of any in Europe, possibly might have been the cause of raising Claude to that eminence upon which he stood. The fragments of temples, and ruins of ancient grandeur, are here frequently to be met with, and, as introduced by Claude, induce us rather to admire him for the discrimination of his taste, than the fire of his imagination.

What, then, we would ask these periodical writers, had the great masters of the Dutch or Italian, or of every other school (for the more we extend our enquiry, the more we support our argument) no other genius than the cold inanimate result of mere observation? Or shall we

quote the mathematical argument, called the *Reductio ad absurdam*, and say that no painter has yet appeared who may be termed a man of genius? Yet, such is the inference of the positions of those who deny Mr. Morland that taste, directed by judgment and matured by experience, which will entitle him to raise his head amongst the first artists of the English school, and exclaim with Corregio,

" Ed lo anche son il pittere."

Having premised these observations, let us now examine more minutely the talents of Morland, the difficulties he had to overcome, and that knowledge of the wonders of his art, which will make posterity ever just to his fame.

Morland, at the time he first commenced landscape-painting, had no small obstacles to encounter. Gainsborough was yet living—Wilson's productions were sought after with avidity—Wright, of Derby, was upon the meridian of public estimation, not to mention a numerous list of second-rate landscape-painters. It was at this period that Morland was put to the test of *imagination*, as well as judgment, for he found the English school in one beaten track of plagiarism. Here all-powerful genius interposed, and promptly executed what imagination had conceived. What?—a new style of painting, supported on the immutable pillars of simplicity, taste, and truth? His judgment in coloring was also very considerable, and although he gave you the season in its highest perfection, his works were never either gaudy or mealy, and his judgment in the manner of coloring, was as chaste as his imagination was brilliant.

Instead of being stigmatized for want of genius, and having no imagination, such was Morland's originality, that he dared to strike out a

new path, by establishing a new style, which has been sanctioned by being generally adopted, and bids fair to become so universally prevalent, as to constitute in itself a new school.

The Happy Cottagers are represented by a family at a cottage door, occupied in various employments: a female figure at work is the principal of the groupe. The richness of the landscape here detracts from the consequence of the figures, although not sufficiently to destroy their effect.

RETURNING FROM LABOUR.

To this print is affixed the name of Mr. Bourke, a celebrated engraver, whose abilities have been conspicuous for these twenty years past: the plates of this gentleman, after the works of Angelica Kauffman, have been, and still are the theme of admiration. We wish it were possible to extend this applause to the present subject, which appears to have neither effect, drawing, nor finish, but made up of a poor and spiritless back ground, which is totally the reverse of Morland's style.

The trees and hedges in the offskip, from the poor, thin, straight boughs and ramifications, instead of the grandeur and simplicity of the rustic embellishments of Nature, remind us rather of a spider's web, than what they are designed to represent, whilst the two figures and the dog resemble a trio of those insects crawling to their haunts.

If the original picture was a recent production of Morland, it is a melancholy proof of that declining genius which certainly attended this artist.

A VISIT TO THE DONKIES.

This subject brings to our recollection a curious anecdote, related in the Monthly Magazine, for December, 1804, by the author of "Memoirs of George Morland," which, if the author had qualified

his wit, might have been a choice *morçeau* for sketches of eccentric biography, but, unfortunately, like dame Alice's tale in the Castle Spectre, as father Philip says—" 'Tis a very good story, but it only " wants one ingredient, and that is—TRUTH!"

The author, speaking of Morland, proceeds as follows:—" He was " found, at another time, in a lodging at Somers Town, in the following " extraordinary circumstances: his infant child, which had been dead " nearly three weeks, lay in its coffin at one corner of the room; " an ass and foal stood munching barley straw out of the cradle; a sow " and pigs were solacing themselves in the recess of an old cup-board, " and himself whistling over a beautiful picture that he was finishing at " his easel, with a bottle of gin hung up on one side, and a live mouse " sitting (or, if you please, kicking,) for his portrait at the other."

As for that part of the marvellous which relates to the child, we can positively assert that he never had one; the rest of the story *may*, in some parts, be true, for, when he lived in the Lambeth-road, he had an inmate of the long-eared tribe, and a few other singular lodgers; but that any person who ever knew Morland, could have supposed him bold enough to stay in a room with a corpse by himself, is completely ridiculous; he was remarkably timid, and withal so nervous, that he never attempted his profession until he had drank sufficient to subdue the irritability resulting from his over-night's excess. True, indeed, he had his follies, but, to exaggerate them is unnecessary. With all his faults, for the sake of genius, let us tread lightly over his ashes, and, for the pleasure he has left us in viewing his works, let compassion cast a veil over those failings for which he suffered most severely before his death.

The Visit to the Donkies is a very pleasing performance; the asses have considerable character assigned them, particularly about their

heads; a child looking over the railing, partakes of the principal light, and gives life to an uninteresting corner.

The quantity of etching that is thrown into the shadows of this print, enrich it considerably, and help the contour, which otherwise would be tame from a sameness in the coloring.

SHEPHERDS REPOSING.

"On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,
And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies;
Here, then, my soul, thy darling theme pursue,
For every day was Giles, a shepherd too;
Small was his charge—no wilds had they to roam,
And bright enclosures circling round their home.
Nor yellow-blossom'd furze, nor stubborn thorn,
The heath's proud produce, had their fleeces torn:
Yet, ever roving, ever seeking thee,
Enchanting spirit---dear Variety!

BLOOMFIELD.

Pastoral subjects have, from time immemorial, been the admiration and theme of the poets, and of late the subject of many painters; the late Mr. Gainsborough excelled particularly in all pictures of this description, which he painted; his woodman, which is but another shepherd, raised his reputation to that pinnacle of fame which he so justly merited; the dog, the woodman's attendant, is evidently a sheep-dog. His Shepherd's Boys and Fighting-dogs, another picture from the pencil of this master, is also a striking specimen of his talents; here was an example of the powers of genius, though shrouded in obscurity. Mr. Gainsborough, originally a parish boy at Ipswich, by his own merit raised himself to the public notice of his countrymen, and the patronage of his sovereign; his integrity, and the rectitude of his conduct, procured him a host of friends, and his latter moments

were those of a happy man. How wonderful the mutabilities of fortune! Thus died Gainsborough, while—melancholy contrast!—the unfortunate Morland expired at the house of a sheriff's officer, with scarcely a shirt to cover him!

The lethargic repose of the shepherds in this picture, is strictly characteristic. Tranquillity pervades every object: the trees hang in unison with the passions, and appear lulled into harmonious serenity; the wandering charge straying and grazing from pasture to pasture, until they reach the hill that bounds the scene, are the only lively subjects of the piece.

Sheep are extremely restless; however good the food may be, the love of varying is to them habitual, and frequently do they prefer the rough sedgy lane, to the richest grass. The scanty downs they fatten upon best, and the shorter the bite, the sweeter the flesh; where they have the advantage of open countries, the wool is also improved.

In this subject there is a thoroughly appropriate range of scenery, and well contrasted: one of the shepherds has rather too smart a hat upon his head, but for this error Morland has atoned, by tying round it a handkerchief, which has a loose and easy appearance. The dog lying down is by no means in this artist's happiest style.

SHEEP.

From an original in the collection of General Greville. Of this animal we have spoken sufficiently in our review of the preceding article. The print before us is in Morland's best style.

THE FARMER'S VISIT TO HIS MARRIED DAUGHTER.

An interesting subject, highly indicative of domestic happiness. The female figure leaning over the chair, the daughter, appears to be all

inquisitiveness. The child playing with the hare, brought to town as a present to the married pair, is introduced with a nice discrimination, and tells a simple tale.

This print is very much beyond its companion.

THE VISIT RETURNED.

An assemblage of figures, seated at the door of the farmer's house. The female figure, so beautiful and elegant in the preceding print, is here braced up in a riding-habit, and has a stiff and forced appearance.

There is neither interest nor attitude in any figure of the group.

RUSTIC COURTSHIP.

An awkward lout, scratching his head, and approaching a country girl.

In the whole of this print there is nothing either new, or worthy of notice.

SEDUCTION AND CREDULOUS INNOCENCE.

These are upright pictures. The former subject is a girl at a cottage door at work, and a male figure tampering with an old beldam, to betray the girl into his power—the other a similar scene.

Both of these are very badly engraved, and not deserving the smallest notice; it should, however, be recollected, that they were early productions, so far back as the year 1788.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

The original pictures from whence these were engraved, were in the writer's possession prior to the engraving of the plates, which have gone through so many hands, and have been so altered by those in

whose possession they now are, that they bear scarcely the remotest resemblance to the originals.

Winter is by far the better figure of the two, and the drapery is looser. It is a lady sitting at the extremity of a sofa, talking to a parrot. Summer is represented by the figure of a lady sitting under a tree, in the midst of a wood. Both these figures have a cast approximating to the frail sisterhood.

FOX-HUNTING.

A series of six subjects, engraved in imitation of the original drawings, which were made in black chalk, with slight tints thrown over them. They consist of *Unkennelling, Brushing into Cover, Trailing, at Fault, the Chace, the Death,* and *the Return.*

This is the progressive delineation of a day's sport, and most ably represented. From these prints it appears, that Morland has culled with a discriminating taste, the occurrences exhibited in hunting. Instead of cropped horses, and *Jemmy* figures, he has given this sport in its true character. No pigmy is introduced in these different scenes, but

> "The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
> Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
> In this delightful exercise, to raise
> His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy."

A noble openness of countenance, descriptive of health and enthusiasm, precisely what ought to characterize a sportsman, is correctly delineated.

All these prints are so equally excellent, that we should be at a loss to point out any preference.

THE WEARY SPORTSMAN.

There is something so very precise in the figure that gives title to this subject, that we cannot help thinking it is the portrait of some particular person; the trick of placing the hat in the hand of the figure, to shew the character of the face, has all the plagiarism of the portrait-painting tribe.

The dead hare thrown on the bank (to use the expression of Sancha Panza,) appears "to be lugged in neck and heels." The merit of the piece rests entirely with a charming group of sporting dogs, and a rich luxuriant landscape, looking from the edge of a covert to an open country. This is a print that will always please the individual, but will never command the applause of the artist.

There wants something of that *ennui*, that always attends a tired shot; it is not the level bank, nor the smooth grass, that can give ease to his weary limbs; lolling or yawning upon the ground, himself as restless as his dogs, he can scarcely find a place but what is uneasy to him—all the repose a sportsman can hope for, must be upon the bed.

SETTER AND PIGS.

Two small prints taken from the corners of larger ones; pretty enough, but not of much consequence. From having lost their accompaniments, these scraps have also lost their interest.

THE POWER OF JUSTICE.

A poor weaver, snatched from his wife and children, by a merciless bailiff. The moroseness of the executioner of the law, is truly indicative of his profession.

THE TRIUMPH OF BENEVOLENCE.

Companion to the former; a juvenile effort of the artist, with a very moral sentiment.

Mr. Dean, the engraver, who published many of the works of Morland about the year 1787, had a method of scraping mezzotinto, until he had scraped away all the spirit his originals possessed.

VALENTINE'S DAY, *and* THE HAPPY FAMILY.

Two of a set of four, called the "Progress of Love;" the other two were painted by Wheatley; they are the same poorly engraved subjects as the former, and were painted nearly about the same time.

THE MAD BULL.

Morland often indulged himself in caricature, of which this and the next print are specimens.

THE ASS RACE.

A hurly-burly scene, although not without point.

THE DELIGHTFUL STORY.

This is represented by two females in bed, the one reading a novel, the other listening to her companion. There is much delicacy in this print, and nothing that can disgust the eye even of a puritan. The women have pleasing countenances, and without any resemblance to the frail sisterhood.

CONWAY CASTLE.

In small figures Morland was very happy, and to oblige the writer hereof, he introduced some figures and boats into a view which he painted and engraved of Conway Castle, without which this print had been literally a mere scene of silent grandeur.

THE POACHER.

The countenance and character here to be represented is that of an idle, worthless fellow, who takes infinitely more pains to attain a scanty pittance, than half such labor properly directed would do to procure him a comfortable subsistence.

Poaching is the corner-stone of the ruin of many a blockhead; from wiring of hares, he takes the liberty of killing deer; and when venison is out of season, he supplies his wants with sheep-stealing, robbing hen-roosts, and dragging fish-ponds; as associates are necessary in these pursuits, the odds are considerable, but that the fellow who assists betrays his companion, and the winding up of all is transportation, or an ignominious death.

The poacher, as represented by Morland, is certainly an ill-looking figure, with a lurcher by his side; yet the man, as represented, is not such a one as appears calculated for this avocation. There wants a costume, or rather a *je ne sçai quoi*, to characterize him.

MILLERS.

Persons employed in the above avocations, with smock frocks and dusty hats. The back-ground represents the inside of a mill, with sacks, &c.

This picture wants the introduction of a female to enliven the scene; it is by no means one of Morland's best performances, and is an additional proof of the want of judgment in selecting subjects for prints: as a painting this might have been excellent, and yet very ill calculated for the graphic art. All that Morland produced is certainly not adapted for this purpose.

THE SETTERS.

A brace of dogs; one having fallen to his game is the leading dog; the other is intended to be backing his companion, but has pressed too close upon him. Had there been but one dog introduced, this production would have been a charming *morçeau*.

MORNING, OR THE BENEVOLENT SPORTSMAN.

Had Morland been acquainted with the late earl of Besborough, we should have thought, that when painting this picture, that nobleman was in the mind's eye of the artist. Although, indeed, there is not any strong likeness in the principal figure, yet, taking the whole together, it made that impression upon the writer's mind. The same kind of horse is here represented which he rode upon, and his own plain and unaffected dress and manners, are similar to what characterized that nobleman whilst ambling about the country adjacent to Roehampton. It is needless to add, that there was scarcely a cottager deserving of notice for miles round his dwelling, but could bear testimony to his benevolence. There was an apparent waspishness about this nobleman to those who did not know him, that seemed to border upon churlishness; the fact was, that whilst executing the benevolent dictates of his heart, he always found some pretence to quarrel with the object of his notice, with a view of stopping all ignorant or fulsome benediction. He enjoyed the luxury of doing good by stealth, and his acts of beneficence will immortalize his name in the records of virtue.

The benevolent sportsman is represented in the act of relieving a few miserable objects, and has his game-keeper behind him.

This picture has much effect, with a well-chosen back-ground; taken altogether, it may be classed amongst Morland's best productions.

EVENING, OR THE SPORTSMAN'S RETURN.

Children are delighted if, in the course of their pursuits, they meet with a prize superior to their expectations. What exultation to the bird's-nest-hunting school-boy, if he find a thrush's straw-wove dwelling with young just fledged and ready to fly, when he has sauntered over fields, commons, and woods, the best part of the day in pursuit of linnets or chaffinches: thus fares it with the sportsman, should he chance to flush a woodcock, or spring a pheasant in a country seldom known to produce one. The keen shot will never retire from the field without his object;—with a look of exultation the game-keeper is here exhibiting a cock-pheasant, the pride of his day's sport.

This print is made up of the inhabitants of the cottage, which are the family of the game-keeper, with his shooting poney and sporting dogs. The animals are all well painted.

THE HARD BARGAIN.

Open markets have a general or average price for all articles brought into them. The salesman of Smithfield can appreciate the value of the animal he sells, and by comparison fixes its price. This is not the case in private particular dealings; for the butcher both values and purchases when sent for to a village.

In this subject Morland has introduced a publican selling a calf to a butcher, whose countenance bears strong marks of malignity. You may plainly read his mind, *Vont give a farthing more,* with all the overbearing insolence of a purse-proud tradesman, which is as plainly to be observed as the animal he is haggling for.

The seller appears expatiating upon the good qualities of the calf, which he is attempting to impress upon the butcher, by holding up his

hand. The moroseness of the buyer's countenance appears, if possible, heightened by rejecting the offer.

In the fore-ground is a bull-dog, the attendant of his master. Buffon observes, "if you narrowly inspect the countenance of a dog, you may form a pretty good judgment of the disposition of his master." Every animal of this description, from a habitude in obeying, becomes a noticer of his master's way; this, from long association, becomes natural, and ere the master commands, the dog anticipates; and even when not under his control, from education acts as if he was present. If the cattle on the farm have broken the fence, the dog of his own accord will drive them from whence they came; the hogs that have presumed to enter the garden, he corrects for their temerity. Domestic in his nature, he leaves the society of the whole brute creation, and attaches himself to man, and man alone. Change of circumstances have no effect upon his fidelity; hunger he endures with patience; nor will he leave his benefactor, but with his life; and even instances have been frequently known, where the animal has watched over his deceased friend for several days.

If the indication of the dog's countenance is to be considered as that of his master, no two things in nature can resemble one another more strongly, than the dog and the butcher. The best figure in the print is the tradesman's servant, waiting to drive home the purchase; he is seated on the edge of a manger, with his legs crossed, and his hands hidden between his knees. The whole of this figure is easy, natural, and well expressed.

GILES.

On Giles, and such as Giles, the labour falls,
To strew the frequent load where hunger calls,
On driving gales sharp hail indignant flies,
And sleet, more irksome, still assails his eyes;
Snow clogs his feet, or, if no snow is found,
A rolling mass of ice upon the ground;
No tender ewe can break her nightly fast,
Nor heifer strong begin the cold repast.

BLOOMFIELD'S *Winter*.

Giles is here seen entering a large open barn, with the fodder pending from his shoulders, to supply the wants of the cattle. Scarcely in any of his pictures, has Morland introduced lambs, which, from the beauty of their countenances, and their raggedness in the winter season, would have been very picturesque objects; they would have varied the grouping, and at the same time added considerably to the character of the subject.

A sheep advancing towards Giles, apparently greeting the supply of provender, receives the principal light, from whence it passes to a cow, and two other sheep, feeding from a rack. In the shadow part of the print appears a group of pigs. It is much to be regretted, that instead of introducing only a part of a cow, Morland had substituted one fore-shortened, as the corner in which he has placed her is sufficient for one so drawn, although not for a whole side front of this animal. This has as injudicious an appearance as cramming the bough of a large tree into one side of a picture, without shewing the trunk from whence it issues. Such forced introductions degrade the subject, and leads the spectator to conclude that the artist had no judgment in proportioning his objects.

A superior degree of richness is diffused over the whole of this print, and the engraving is of the same excellent quality.

THE LAST LITTER.

"Man," as Sterne observes, "is the creature of habitudes." The innumerable sketches of these animals, and the association Morland had with them, whether from a facility in his method of executing them, or from a conviction of their picturesque appearance, is not exactly ascertained; it is certain, however, that he was immoderately partial to the introduction of this animal, wherever an opportunity offered.

It has before been observed, that various subjects from the paintings of this artist, have been injudiciously chosen for prints; this circumstance may be easily accounted for, when it is recollected, that some of his best productions are in the hands of gentlemen, who will not indulge the public with prints from them.

This print, as a specimen of the animals, is the very best from his works, and, to add to its consequence, he has made the figures only secondary objects; the natural character of the gluttony of the sow is well expressed, and kept down, in point of colour, to a half tint, to shew more conspicuously the little pigs of the latter, devouring a cabbage leaf, which has been thrown to them; another little one of the brood, has driven its legs and snout up to the eyes in the wash of the trough. The group of pigs is extremely well managed, and to a very high degree enriched by the back-ground; a draw-well is introduced with some judgment, and forms a shadow part for the picture. A boy and child, with cabbage-leaves in its apron, to feed the litter, are all the figures that are introduced. This print will always command estimation, both for subject and execution.

INNOCENCE ALARMED.

" Soon as the grey-eye'd morn's uncertain light,
Awakes dull Morpheus, and the shades of night,
Lo, the keen sportsmen rise from beds of down,
And quit the environs of the smoky town,
Whate'er the pleasures of the coming day,
Seeure of health, they joeund walk away;
The well-taught dogs wait but the voiee to run,
Viewing each master charge the murd'ring gun."

The gamekeeper, a man none can ever consider as a true sportsman, has always his wants. In the morning, from habit he cannot pass the ale-house, and where, in hopes of laying under contribution the visitors of his manor, he is also at night a regular attendant; a reputed enemy to poachers, a moiety of whose profits he is, nevertheless, sure to receive, until the act becomes too flagrant to be winked at; accompanied by the gamekeeper, his brother in iniquity, the poacher quits one neighbourhood to renew their depredations in another.

No men under the canopy of heaven are upon such good terms with themselves, and possess, in their own estimation, so clear a conscience as the gamekeeper, whilst no character is more contemptible in the eyes of the true sportsman; though keeping up some punctillious appearance, and wishing to be thought immaculate, they have seldom any hesitation at receiving every bribe that may be offered them; nor is this the worst, for, when discharged from their situation for mal-practice, they generally revenge themselves by immediately collecting around them, every tribe that can destroy what they had before been paid for nursing to maturity.

The figure receiving his morning glass from a pretty female, is evidently intended for a keeper, from the slouch manner of his dress, and to prove it to be only a mere call, as he is passing by, his shooting poney is waiting at the door.

The title of the print originates in the sportsman blowing off the priming in the pan, which creates an alarm in the child, who clings through fear to the mother. In the dogs, this act of the sportsman has a very opposite tendency—one all impatience to be gone, and enjoying the flash, the other also attentive and vigilant, but from age more sedate. Morning is pourtrayed in this print by a slovenly maid servant, in the act of kindling the fire.

The true sportsman, although eager in pursuit of his game, is nevertheless consistent; if he resides upon the spot near where he sports, he takes his gun from the hooks as the day invites, and after enjoying his morning's beat, ceases further to harass the birds, of which a brace, perhaps, is wanted for a friend; but if a keener day's sport be required from knowing the haunts of game, he is never at a fault.

Morland, upon one occasion, attached himself to a shooting party, in which the writer of this made one; eternally restless after he had fulfilled his desires, or rather his study, it was no entertainment to him beyond this point. Upon the second morning, therefore, finding him impatient, we presented him with the result of the preceding day's sport, and wished him a good journey to town.

From this short peregrination, he painted four very beautiful pictures.

THE PARTY ANGLING.

The impatient irritability of Morland's temper, was but ill calculated for angling, and yet, strange as it may appear, he was frequently engaging himself for this placid amusement.

The scene of many of these early parties, was at Stonebridge, on the river Brent. From the drought of summer, this brook admits of the anglers wandering for considerable distances between its broken banks; you are presented at almost every turn with the fragments of

earth, washed in lumps or masses down its side, from the overflowing of the river, with the roots of oaks and old trees that skirt its margin, breaking through its sides; it was these little picturesque embellishments, and by no means the pleasure he derived from the amusement, that attracted Morland's attention: he always seized the first convenient moment to request his companion to "look to his float, and call him if there should be a bite." After this, it was well if his good-natured associate saw any more of him until they reached the inn. His views were all directed to the pallet, and whilst his companion was attentively watching a nibble, perhaps Morland was sketching him with all that eager attention which characterizes the occupation of the angler.

This little hedge inn, was at one period a favorite spot; it was kept by a Mrs. Reid, who, by attention and industry, merited that comfortable livelihood which she attained.

There was a kind of fatality, which always attended every promise of Morland; amongst the rest of his acquaintance, this was also felt by Mrs. Reid. Morland had long teazed the old lady to let him repaint her sign (either the coach, or waggon-and-horses) with which she at length reluctantly acquiesced. The sign was, however, sent to him, when he resided at Paddington, and month after month elapsed before he began it. At length the patience of the old lady became quite exhausted, and wishing to have it hung up in its usual place, she peremptorily insisted upon having it returned *in statu quo.* Unfortunately, however, the requisition came too late, for, by some unlucky mistake, the sign had been chopped in pieces to supply the use of the kitchen. Probably it was this untoward event that prevented Morland from again visiting the house, for no persuasion could induce him afterwards to pass Stonebridge.

The writer also remembers having occasion to go to Harrow, Mor-

land offered his company, and dragged him all the way round by Edgeware, instead of taking the direct road, which led past Mrs. Reid's house.

The picture of the Party Angling, presents a confused group, portraits of his own family, and some of his acquaintance.

THE REPAST.

Something of a similar cast with the preceding. This picture exhibits nearly the same company appeasing their appetites by more substantial means than the hungry diversion of angling could afford them.

There is less to admire in these prints than is usually the case with Morland's other subjects of such a general description.

JUVENILE NAVIGATOR.

Children puffing along a small vessel of their own manufacturing, across a pond, by means of a pair of bellows. This was painted nearly about the same time with the preceding, and something of the same kind of subject.

The children are in the usual stile of attention and simplicity—the landscape very rich.

HIGGLER'S PREPARING FOR MARKET.

It must be manifest to every person who attentively examines the works of this artist, that he sought company of every description—the blacksmith, the cow-boy, the miller, or the higgler, would all answer for some study, and it was his general maxim when in the country, to prefer these associates, whom he would spare no pains in finding out. For this purpose, he preferred the hedge ale-house to the town inn.

with all its superior accommodation, and never was he apparently happier than in the midst of peasants.

His composition of the higglers, is a rich and interesting print. The husbandman appears to be tying the knees of his breeches while his wife, with a child by her side, is pouring out for him a glass of liquor. The higgler's man is leading the horse from the stable, and forms a part of the principal group; two pigs wallowing in clean straw, are introduced into the fore-ground, and are in the artist's best manner.

The rich effect of this subject, proclaims it to have been painted when Morland was in the meridian of his reputation. In all likelihood he conceived this subject from the farm-yard of a friend of the writer's at Aldenham, whom Morland visited several times. Upon these premises was a suckling-house, a very picturesque subject. Of the internal parts of the barn, it is known he made several sketches, but it cannot be said that he ever painted the customary mode of suckling the lambs; this certainly would have been a subject as rural as could perhaps have been found, but it is not supposed, as before observed, that Morland was partial to the painting of lambs. Had his inclination prompted him to have painted these as accompaniments to their dams, they would certainly have been as interesting as any animal he was in the habit of pourtraying. In the little countenances of lambs, while frisking about, you may discover archness and character, and when fleeced before the sheering-time, they have a wild, ragged, and picturesque effect. If in any subject Morland has introduced a lamb, it has entirely escaped the writer's observation.

THE RETURN OF THE POST-BOY.

A companion to The Higglers: the figure representing the post-boy, is a portrait of the groom who lived with Morland at Paddington; the

Morland del.

THE INFANT NURSERY.

stable is taken from the barn before-mentioned which stood opposite to his house. The effect of this print is in the same excellent style as the foregoing, with which it is matched.

THE INFANT NURSERY.

" As surely charms that voluntary stile
Which careless plays, and seems to mock at toil."

" This appearance of ease and facility, (says Sir Joshua Reynolds) may be called the grace of genius of the mechanical or executive part of the art. There is, undoubtedly, something fascinating in seeing that done with careless ease, which others do with laborious difficulty;—the spectator unavoidably, by a kind of natural instinct, feels that general animation with which the hand of the artist seems to be inspired."

As a specimen of that intuitive genius with which Morland was blest, we present the annexed print of an Infant Nursery, engraved from the original drawing, in the possession of William Lynn, Esq. The writer has before commented on the characters of children from the pencil of this artist:—the merit of this *bijou* so fully speaks for itself, that it is only necessary to be seen to be admired.

SHEEP.

An open country, with three sheep in the fore-ground; the centre one standing up, and the others being in different attitudes, appear chewing the cud: a small group of the same animals are in the distance. This, upon the whole, is a performance little exceeding mediocrity.

RUSTIC HOVEL.

Two lazy countrymen, lounging amongst the litter of a stable, with a dog by their side, and an ass lying a short distance from them on the ground, and another entering the door-way. This is a poor subject for a print.

COTTAGE STYE.

Two large hogs, devouring carrots and cabbage leaves, which are thrown to them by a boy, who is leaning over the fence. There is in this print scarcely any thing more to interest the spectator than the *Rustic Hovel*, which is its companion.

CHILDREN GATHERING BLACKBERRIES.

The urchins that compose this group, picking off the blackberries, are well disposed, with a rich landscape, in the early style of this master.

CHILDREN FISHING FOR PRICKLEBATS.

A juvenile production, and companion to the foregoing; the figures equally pleasant.

RUSTIC EASE.

The deepest recess of a forest is here introduced, with a cottage in one corner: the repose of this scene is what every mind, harassed amidst the hurry and bustle of the metropolis, must naturally sigh for; those rich moments of a man's life, when he can boast of being most employed when most alone, are doubly heightened by the scene that surrounds him.

In the simple life of Rousseau we have an animated picture of these treasures, which the tranquil hours of repose can alone bestow; and in the works of Zimmermann, the charms of solitude are pleasingly and feelingly pourtrayed.—Recovering from sickness, with what anxiety and pleasure do we look back to the spot which has charmed us in our youth, and anticipate the recovery of a broken constitution, by returning to breathe the purer air of our native village! The mind that is fruitful enough to be "never less alone than when alone," has attained that pure and philosophic happiness which few court, and still fewer, we fear, attain.

The print of *Rustic Ease* is represented by the master of the cottage stretching at full length, upon a sunny bank before his door, with two females apparently urging his orders: the enjoyment he seems to derive from his cottage is so well depicted, that those who have felt the sweets of being re-invigorated by repose after days of fatigue, cannot but contemplate this print with an eye of sympathetic approbation. The solitude which pervades the scene before us, with the notes supposed to be issuing from the minstrels of the forest, all contributing to lull the mind to repose, have a grand and pleasing effect.

The cottage introduced into this scene perfectly corresponds with the subject;—no meretricious efforts are here made at finery, Nature is represented in all her simplicity; every thing is in harmony; every thing speaks the serenity of silence, and diffuses over the mind the tranquillity of repose.

It is supposed the original, from which this print was engraved, is one of his richest landscapes.

Had but the artist, after that period when most men are said to have sown their wild oats, taken a moral lesson from many of his own works, he might have shone a star of some magnitude in the evening of his life. Of his powers he was unconscious, and whilst he delighted with his works all classes of the community, he appeared to be the only person who did not profit from them.

FISHERMEN.

The proportions of this print bear no comparison with most of Morland's subjects. The landscape parts are too large for its dimensions. This is an error of which we seldom find him guilty: it is a companion to *Rustic Ease*, to which, in comparative merit, it is very unequal.

The figures in this print are two fishermen in the water, up to their middle, in the act of drawing a net towards the shore: the figures both

of the men and the animals are very spiritless; the boats upon the beach are the only objects worthy of notice.

A MASTIFF CHAINED.

This is an animated picture from life. The mastiff, to whom a calf's head has been thrown, is interrupted in his meal by the appearance of a cur. Morland has evidently painted this from life:—the character which he usually gave to his dogs was very great; in the present representation of the animal he has lost no part of his reputation.

The calf's head, which is skinned, is well drawn, but it has not a very engaging appearance to an elegant eye: to the slaughtering tribe possibly it might be considered a treat.

THE PUBLIC-HOUSE DOOR.

The state of mediocrity has generally been considered as intolerable; but what labor and attention will even this require from that man who but exceeds it: the attempt is nevertheless laudable, whilst the means of its attainment are only by patient perseverance with all possible industry; however, it does not always constitute genius, although it is a certain way to meet it.

Few artists of genuine merit, (for we speak not of the quackery of the pallet, nor of those who attempt to elbow their way to fame, by puffing panegyrics upon their own unrivalled excellence,) are satisfied with their own performances; instinctively emulous of excellence, they conceive there is still a something that will assist,—that will heighten the effect,—that will ameliorate the picture:—this is sometimes carried to such an excess, that, by touching and retouching, the effect is at last almost frittered away.

Le main de Tableau is an expressive injunction;—to undo in painting is difficult,—to know the precise point where to finish, still more so:

hence the sound judgment of a painter is evinced where every part is left well, without being elaborately overcharged;

"Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

In the print now under consideration, the discrimination of a sound judgment is exercised to its fullest latitude;—the lights are broad, without being cut by any extraneous shadows; and, on the other hand, the effect of the shadows is not diminished by the introduction of any paltry heightenings; whilst the harmony of the middle tints unites and renders agreeable the whole subject,—an excellence which will rank this picture amongst the best productions of this artist.

The figure of the man upon the grey horse, who appears to be drinking, has a position assigned it against the lightest part of the cottage, before which a girl is standing who has just handed the bowl of liquor to the man on horseback.

The disposition and management of the strongest light being thrown upon the horse, is exquisite. The cottage-wall before which it stands being composed of plaster, receives from time the grey and mossy effect with which the artist has painted it, and only constitutes a part of the grand mass of light; while the servant girl, who is dressed in a white gown, upon which a running pattern has been judiciously introduced by way of keeping it down, makes up the remaining effect. Thus has he happily placed the most conspicuous object, the horse, between the intermediate lights of the girl's gown and the cottage: the eye of the spectator is soon attracted by the principal light, from which it may imperceptibly wander, but will always find an almost irresistible propensity to return to this charming figure.

The grouping, which is conceived with equal judgment, is made up by another old horse, from whose back a countryman has alighted, and is seated by the side of a cobler, who is mending his boot; in addition to these are seen a brace of spaniels, sitting at the public-house door.

STABLE AMUSEMENT.

Another beautiful specimen of the artist, and where, in his mischievous minutes, he would feel himself at home;—it is a scene, we have no doubt, he promoted to answer his purpose on the canvas.

To be the instigator of a quarrel between quadrupeds or bipeds, was a matter of equal indifference to Morland, though he sometimes paid for his temerity when he created disputes amongst his acquaintance.

BEAR-BAITING.

A spirited performance, and one of those *elegant* amusements that at all times suited the inclination of the man. The subject is a bear engaged with a dog, and three more of the canine species appear coming up to relieve their companion, who is tumbled on the ground by the bear.

The performances of Snyders and Rubens in such scenes were not thrown away upon Morland, who copied many of their works, particularly animals.

The writer hereof recollects once accompanying a friend, who is an artist, to see a bear baited. They were placed by a scientific professor of boxing, on an elevated situation, from whence they had an opportunity of seeing and sketching the amusement of the *St. Giles's Dilletanti;* but such an effect had his friend's corpulent and magisterial appearance, that it threw a damp over the whole assembly, until a *gemman* present, who introduced them, assured the company that the object of their suspicion was as good a kind of man as any *there present*. Notwithstanding this assurance, however, the mobility were by no means appeased; their doubts and fears damped the whole evening's diversion. Badger-drawing and dog-fighting succeeded the first amusement. It was from one of these scenes that Mr. Morland conceived the subject before us.

DOG KENNEL.

A pack of hounds well grouped, and for the size of the print, in comparison with that of the animals, it is made the most of.

This is one of the few pictures where Morland committed himself for disparity of proportion and quantity of subject.

PEACE AND WAR.

Both of these are early productions, and to make them worse than the originals, no care has been bestowed upon the engraving.

FISHERMEN PREPARING TO GO OUT.

This is a very pretty landscape, although slightly painted; but it is infamously engraved.

FISHERMEN IN A STORM.

Companion to the above, and, if possible, still worse engraved.

GYPSIES REGALING.

A rich scene, with figures regaling themselves: there is something singular about a figure that is sitting upon an ass, which is itself reposing. This is, upon the whole, a very pleasant representation of rustic life.

THE MINIATURE PICTURE

Is a companion to *The Delightful Story*, but it is a stiff, labored subject, most contemptibly familiar, and very unworthy of being called a match for the print it is intended to accompany. The figures in this representation have not the smallest claim to notice, although well engraved.

PROGRESS OF SEDUCTION.

IN A SERIES OF SIX SUBJECTS.

Plate 1. DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Morland has begun this delineation of the life of an unfortunate female, by introducing her in her primitive state of happiness, under the protecting roof of her parents. Health, youth, and beauty constitute her natural endowments, and in this state we see in her first introduction, the industry of the cottage maid blended with the filial respect and obedience of the daughter.

The father appears intent, and poring over a book; the mother is giving instruction to the youngest sister, a child, and herself at work, with the work-bag and implements of housewifery about her. This print is to be considered only as a prelude to those which follow.

Plate 2. THE ELOPEMENT.

Letitia seduced from her Friends under a Promise of Marriage.

In this print we see the choice generally made by foolish girls,—a red coat and cocked hat. The happy knack which the gentlemen of the sword have acquired of making large promises, sometimes answers the purpose of a triumphant applause amongst the mess,—touch upon the coward's honour, and he will assure you, that instead of his promoting her elopement, the girl absolutely seduced and ran away with him. The meanness and depravity of a military upstart, surpasses that of every other odious character. The military man, like the knight in the ages of antient chivalry, should be distinguished for promoting the happiness, and exalting the virtue of those, whom, as the gems of private life, and the bonds of public union, every individual, and more especially those who have devoted themselves to the honorable profession of arms,

are bound to cherish and protect. We have known gentlemen in the military character, whose honor and bravery entitled them to universal applause, and who would be as much above a mean action, as some of their brother officers have been vain and false, like "the mean and skipping herd" emphatically described by the poet:

> "When the circling glass warms their vain hearts,
> They boast of favors which they ne'er received,
> And talk of raptures which they never knew."

The reputation of a virtuous woman often suffers more from an inuendo, that cowardly assassinating dagger of reputation, than all that can or dare be openly advanced against her;—the poison is insinuated with secresy and a sneer, and sometimes it has proved fatal.

Men of sense and feeling, who have a wish to rescue a virtuous woman from the slanderer of her reputation, are often induced to be silent, lest their exertions should occasion family uneasiness; and, although no cause, not even the slightest suspicion, can attach upon the female, yet, if the feelings of a husband are but once alarmed, it is difficult to say where his suggestions may terminate:—he erroneously supposes that there can be no report without some foundation, and upon every trifling difference distorts the mere effusion of cheerfulness into a wanton gaiety. Hence arise those tortures which too frequently convert what would otherwise be the heaven of domestic happiness, into a hell of tormenting jealousy:—hence arise those perplexities that harass families who have passed years of felicity: to this too may be attributed those sullen moments which visitors, without knowing the cause, often observe amongst their private acquaintance.

Is it, gentlemen, a part of the noble profession of arms to assassinate female innocence? Can it redound to the credit of the company to boast of your infamy, or does it blazon your colors to see grief and

prostitution, the tears of innocence, and the pangs of distemper, as trophies granted by your regiment to all the credulous that come within your reach? Much seemlier would it be, and of better report, were these *false points of honor* completely eradicated from amongst you.

The unfortunate prostitutes of the metropolis are principally indebted to the military for the original enlisting, and continual recruiting of those legions of unfortunate females who nightly parade its streets, and by a kind of general instinctive impulse, or species of *esprit de corps,* bestow on the cockade the emphatic appellation of the "curse of God," which proves the idea the poor victims have of the *liberality* as well as affection of those gentlemen.

The subject of this print is, an officer hurrying away a country girl from her native cottage, towards which she casts back a longing and a lingering look,—a post-chaise in waiting forms the back-ground, with its driver opening the door for the reception of the fugitives.

The figures, like the first print, (Domestic Happiness) are all principal, and intended to be so, as the story is related by the actions in which they are engaged. This set of prints, from the pencil of Morland, can have no claim to back-grounds, as the retrospect of the story requires only so much introduction of materials as are consonant to the peculiar time intended to be represented.

Plate 3. THE VIRTUOUS PARENT.

Letitia endeavours in vain to reconcile her Parents by Presents.

In this production we have depicted the wounded feelings of the father, insulted by an offer from Letitia of a purse of money, to sanction her pollution, which he rejects with just indignation.

Letitia seems to have re-visited her native cottage, by the same figures being introduced as in the first plate of the set. The mother, who is

now represented as wringing her hands, appears a more respectable matron than has been first noticed in the Domestic scene;—the child clinging to her sister Letitia, (unconscious of what has befallen the family,) is smiling with delight to see her returned, and tells the tale of her absence better than any object in the print: the same puppy sleeping under the father's chair, as well as the figures, also denote it to be the same cottage from whence Letitia has eloped.

To enforce the moral effect of the picture, Morland has introduced appropriate embellishments; the Story of the good Samaritan, and the Prodigal's Return, are hung up in frames to ornament the apartment. In the dress of Letitia, Morland has exhibited some taste; but running with too much latitude into the fashion at the time it was painted, it has the appearance of redundancy, of which this artist was seldom guilty.

Plate 4. DRESSING FOR THE MASQUERADE.

Letitia flies from Reflection to Public Entertainments.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly, &c."

The progressive introduction of subjects from the pencil of Morland, is as accurate as the figure in rhetoric which is denominated *climax*:—these prints may strictly be termed to constitute a moral climax,—the progression is gradual until it reaches the point intended to be described.

In this delineation we have a cottage less profuse and studied, or as the French would term it, less *recherché:* the elegant disposition of female attire is what few artists can depict without introducing a stiffness. This was certainly a peculiar gift, with which Morland was pre-eminently endowed,—it was genius in the highest degree. A peculiar character of neatness and elegance forms the leading feature of the

heroine of this picture;—the tasteful play of the hair, the elegance of the attitude, the easy and flowing folds of the drapery, rank it as one of this artist's best efforts of the female figure.

The countenance of Letitia is animated by a fascinating cheerfulness, without the smallest tincture of the demirep or wanton. The anticipation of the pleasures of the evening is happily introduced; if it were not for the countenance of her attendant, who is seen pinning her dress behind, no suspicion whatever would attach to the morality of the scene, but such a face, and such a person, is what every man, who knows any thing of the town, will immediately construe into the exact representation of the true *Lucy* of some unfortunate *Millwood*. This figure was evidently intended by Morland to represent the comparative degree of prostitution amongst the daughters of Frailty, —dropping from higher life with the loss of the palate, a contraction of countenance from paralytic affections, or bloated from excess of liquor, they become the servants and humble friends of the more artless of the sisterhood.

An officer seated upon a chair, waiting to conduct his *chere amie* to the scene of pleasure, is the other figure of the group; a lap-dog is introduced in another chair, attentively watching his mistress.

Plate 5. THE TAVERN DOOR.

Letitia deserted by her Seducer, is thrown upon the Town.

This scene is laid near the theatre, where, to characterize the profligacy of the demireps, Letitia is represented, with her arms a-kimbo, bullying a *Jemmy*. On her left is a wanton of the real brothel order, whose arm rests upon that of Letitia.

The whole of this print has a disgusting appearance, and was most certainly intended to operate as an antidote to any thing like desire.

Morland de.

Scott. sc.

POINTER & HARE.

From the Original in the Collection of Colonel Thornton

Plate 6. THE FAIR PENITENT.

Letitia in penitence, finds relief and protection from her parents.

To distinguish between virtue and vice was the original design of these paintings, and to assign to virtue her proper garb. Compassion for the failings of others, has been amply detailed in the catastrophe of the progress of seduction—a virtuous parent is here introduced receiving back to his embraces his misguided child.

The maternal anxiety expressed by the female parent, leaning over Letitia, who is prostrate at the door of her native cottage is beautifully expressed; whilst the father, who is all forgiveness, is raising his daughter from the stone step.

Fatigued—wretched—and repentant, her eyes express the emotions of her heart. The sympathy, remorse, and affection, pourtrayed in this last print, render it a beautiful moral lesson. Her sister, the girl introduced in the first and third prints, is here seen behind her father, with a sorrowful countenance, but unable to comprehend the meaning of such a scene.

The grouping of the figures, and the knowledge of the passions, are in Morland's usual style of excellence.

THE POINTER AND HARE.

The versatile talents of Morland met every subject with the same ease, and it was with truth he pourtrayed what he had seen. The subject before us is engraved by Mr. Scott, from a very fine picture in the possession of Colonel Thornton. We have the satisfaction of adding this specimen for the gratification of the lovers of the art, as, perhaps, it is equal to any thing hitherto engraved from the works of that artist; the minutiæ are attended to, and the richness of the original is preserved beyond what any other style of the graphic art can convey.

MORLAND'S SUMMER.

" Delicious sleep!---From sleep, who could forbear,
With no more guilt than Giles, and no more care?
Peace, o'er his slumbers, waves her guardian wing,
Nor conscience once disturbs him with a sting!
He wakes refresh'd from ev'ry trivial pain."

In the happy clime of Italy, we see the lazy inhabitant basking upon every bank from the wandering Po, to the utmost extent of Calabria, and as the heat increases with the day, they alter their haunts from the open champaign country, to the solitary recesses of a wood. From these habits of indolence, the shepherds of England are not exempt—accompanied by their friend and protector, the dog, they sleep securely under every hedge.

This print of Summer is a rich, voluptuous wood scene, represented by the warmth of the atmosphere, breaking through the skirts of a covert, along whose margin a brook is seen meandering. The sheep are in the same indolent manner of reposing as the shepherd, who is entrusted with the care of them. A cow is making her way through the wood, and receding from the sight. The combination of all the parts of this picture, is extremely happy. Upon the whole, this may be classed as one of the best productions of the artist.

MORLAND'S WINTER.

" Left ye your bleating charge, when day-light fled,
Near where the hay-stack lifts its snowy head,
Where fence of bushy furze, so close and warm,
May stop the slanting bullets of the storm?
For, hark!—it blows a dark and dismal night.

BLOOMFIELD.

The farmer, in dark bleak nights, prefers for sheep the hovel or barn, to the leeward side of a stack, and often builds a place of recep-

tion for his breeding ewes, though at a distance from the house.—This œconomy has of late years been adopted, and bids fair to become universal; the number of lambs saved in the early yeaning season, has been by this means considerable, beside the protection afforded from vermin.

The group of sheep here introduced is far superior to those in the summer delineation; the character of the beast is exceedingly fine and varied. Amid the flocks of these animals that Morland pourtrayed, he had the happy art of varying every countenance, and though in Nature there is great similarity between one sheep and another, it is a well authenticated fact, that a shepherd knows them better by their persons, than by any other standard.

A figure is introduced, leaning over the rail at the door, through which is a view of the distant country, covered with snow. We have before examined something similar to this subject.

LOUISA.

(Two Plates.)

Of these prints we have already had occasion to take some notice. They are in Morland's early style, but possessing infinite taste. The figure of Louisa is that of a chaste and beautiful female, the drapery loose and natural. The affectionate attention in the countenance of Louisa beholding her lover, is an additional proof that Morland could, when he thought proper, accurately delineate the passions. The frenzied grief depicted in the same figure, in the companion to this print, is equally happy.

SLAVE TRADE,

and

AFRICAN HOSPITALITY.

These prints have by no means had the rapid sale of many works after this master. The reproach and disgrace to an enlightened nation, are so justly conveyed through the representation of slavery, that shame will attach to the owner of that house where they are hung up, from the reflection of being of a country, who can boast of its refinement even in cruelty.

May the just efforts of those philanthropists be finally crowned with success, who have hitherto fostered the hopes of restoring to the distressed and tortured negro, his long-lost family, for no other crime than being guilty of having a skin differently colored from our own!

The scourge is in our hands now, but God knows in whose hands it may be hereafter. In the name of justice, honor, and every virtuous feeling, let this impious traffic in human blood be at once abolished, nor let it be imputed to Great Britain, that she has conducted trade at the sword's point, and

> " ——— Staining the white robe,
> Of innocent commercial justice red."

To distinguish between the hospitality of the uncultivated Indian, and the refined christianity of the white people, we shall subjoin the following anecdote:—

" The same hospitality esteemed among the Indians as a principal virtue, is practised by private persons, of which Conrad Weiser, our interpreter, gave Dr. Franklin the following instance:—He had been naturalized among the Six Nations, and spoke well the Mohock language. In going through the Indian country to carry a message from

our governor, to the council at Onondaga, he called at the habitation of Canassetego, an old acquaintance, who embraced him, spread furs for him to sit on, placed before him some boiled beans and venison, and mixed some rum and water for his drink. When he was well refreshed, and had lit his pipe, Canassetego began to converse with him: asked howhe had fared the many years since they had seen each other, whence he then came, what had occasioned the journey, &c. Conrad answered all his questions; and when the discourse began to flag, the Indian to continue it, said, "Conrad, you have lived long among the white people, and know something of their customs; I have been sometimes at Albany, and have observed, that once in seven days, they shut up their shops, and assemble all in the great house; tell me what it is for?—What do they do there?" "They meet there," said Conrad, "to hear and learn *good things*." "I do not doubt, said the Indian, "that they tell you so: they have told me the same: but I doubt the truth of what they say, and I will tell you my reasons. I went lately to Albany to sell my skins, and buy blankets, knives, powder, rum, &c. You know I used generally to deal with Hans Hanson, but I was a little inclined this time to try some other merchants. However, I called first upon Hans, and asked him what he would give for beaver. He said he could not give more than four shillings a pound; but (says he) I cannot talk on business now; this is the day when we meet together to learn *good things*, and I am going to the meeting. So I thought to myself, since I cannot do any business to day, I may as well go to the meeting too; and I went with him. There stood up a man in black, and began to talk to the people very angrily. I did not understand what he said, but perceiving he looked much at me and at Hanson, I imagined he was angry at seeing me there; so I went out, sat down near the house, struck fire, and lit my pipe, wait-

ing till the meeting should break up. I thought, too, the man had mentioned something of beaver, and I suspected it might be the subject of their meeting. So when they came out, I accosted my merchant—Well Hans (says I) I hope you have agreed to give more than four shillings a pound?" "No (says he) I cannot give so much, I cannot give more than three shillings and six-pence." "I then spoke to several other dealers, but they all sung the same song—three and six-pence, three and six-pence. This made it clear to me that my suspicion was right, and that whatever they pretended of meeting to learn *good things*, the real purpose was, to consult how to cheat Indians in the price of beaver. Consider but a little, Conrad, and you must be of my opinion. If they met so often to learn *good things*, they certainly would have learned some before this time; but they are still ignorant. You know our practice. If a white man, in travelling through our country, enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I treat you; we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, and give him meat and drink that he may allay his thirst and hunger; and we spread soft furs for him to rest and sleep on: we demand nothing in return. But if I go into a white man's house at Albany, and ask for victuals and drink, they say, where is your money? And if I have none, they say, Get out, you Indian dog! You see they have not yet learned those little *good things* that we need no meeting to be instructed in; because our mothers taught them to us when we were children; and therefore it is impossible their meetings should be, as they say, for any such purpose, or have any such effect; they are only to contrive *the cheating of Indians in the price of beaver.*"

THE GREY HORSE.

(Inside of a Stable.)

The horse is conspicuously large, and painted with great accuracy. This specimen was probably intended by Morland, to shew how far he possessed the knowledge of drawing the old decayed cart-horse: no attempt he ever made, came nearer to the representations of Nature. The litter at the bottom of the stable is very spirited, and well distributed; the figures introduced have an amorous tendency, but not disgusting. When painting this picture, he was solicited to introduce more subjects, to which request he flatly refused compliance.

An instance of Morland's accommodating disposition occurred, when painting a picture for a particular friend, who chose for his subject the door of a cottage, and stipulated with him to introduce every animal in any degree attached to the rural dwelling. A pretty and simple female figure was seen in the act of washing on the steps of the cottage, who was attended by the cat, the dog, the pigeons, and, in short, every thing that could constitute a part of the cottager's family. His friend still proposed some little introductions, which Morland conceiving would have no end, hastily jumped up from his easel, exclaiming, he had already painted Noah's ark, and on no account whatever would he enrage the Supreme Being, by introducing more than ever entered that building. This piece has ever since gone by the name of "Noah's Ark."

MORLAND'S ASS.

A very pretty piece, though only a single animal. The richness of the internal part of the shed, and its accompaniments, are correspondent with the habitation of this creature. The back ground seen through the door-way, which is open, is a pleasant rural scene, and gives a neat finish to this little piece.

THE FARM-YARD.

A critique has already been given of this print, in which was pointed out a gross mistake of the placing one of the ears of the grey horse; that error being rectified, and the drawing of the other horse corrected by Mr. Scott, who engraved the subjoined plate, it may now be ranked as a *chef d'ouvre* of the master. The excellence of Mr. Scott, in the engraving of animals, has already met the public approbation in an elegant work, entitled, "*The Sportsman's Cabinet, or a Correct Delineation of the Canine Race,*" which is, in our opinion, the finest collection of engraved animals, we ever remember to have witnessed. The effect of the subject before us brings to our recollection Fresnoy's observation respecting a distraction of lights being introduced into a picture.

"Permit not two conspicuous lights to shine,
With rival radiance in the same design,
But yield to one alone the power to blaze,
And spread the extensive vigor of its rays.
There, where the noblest figures are display'd,
Thence gild the distant parts, and lessening fade;
As fade the beams which Phœbus from the east
Flings vivid forth, to light the distant west,
Gradual, those vivid beams forget to shine,
So, gradual, let the pictur'd lights decline.

From the original, in the possession of Mr. Thomas Palser.

MORLAND'S WOODMAN.

The affectation of naming the prints after this master, is likely to become a prevalent, but foolish custom; with such pictures as this and its companion it may be allowable, for if we were not informed they were the productions of Morland, they might indubitably pass for those of any one else. The figure of the wodman has a leer upon his counte-

nance, significant of his having actually robbed the wood, or of his wish to do so were it in his power. This print wants interest and richness, and is evidently painted in the artist's latter style.

The dog, the back-ground, and all parts are in the same lame manner.

MORLAND'S COTTAGER.

A figure equally poor and wretched as the preceding—of the two, perhaps this is the worst. It may possibly excite astonishment, that the name of Morland being annexed to these subjects, has created a respectable sale for them.

DANCING DOGS.

This subject must be familiar to every person who has perambulated the streets of the metropolis. The Savoyard holding up his hand to these unfortunate little animals, compels them to repeat the unnatural attempt of dancing upon their hinder legs. One of them (apparently tired down) is piteously creeping away; another, having met the protection of a boy, who has put his hat upon his head, is now shielded from the threat of his master, and reposing upon the thigh of his protector. A woman with a child on her knee, is seated under a tree, at the side of the cottage, and a Savoyard is introduced playing upon bagpipes behind his companion.

GUINEA PIGS.

A countryman, with a number of these little animals for sale, is seen turning them out of a basket, to the view of two children, upon the steps of a door. A very pretty and genteel figure of a young lady, is leaning against the door-post; she has the appearance of being the children's eldest sister. The back-ground is well adapted to the subject. Both these prints are very respectable specimens of the master.

CHILDREN NUTTING.

Exactly in a style consonant to those before noticed, where children are introduced.

CHILDREN BIRD'S NESTING.

Companion to the above, and of the same description.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

A continuation of infantine amusements.

CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

Infantine frolics, intended as a companion to the preceding.

MORNING AND EVENING.

A pair of prints published by J. R. Smith, the subjects of which we do not now recollect.

AFFLUENCE REDUCED.

An unfortunate family, reduced by idleness and dissipation. The reflections arising from such causes, may be poignant to the subjects of animadversion, yet they scarcely deserve commiseration. A want of industry begets poverty, pity, and contempt.

COTTAGERS.

A picture painted expressly for Mr. William Ward, from which he made the engraving under consideration, and its companion, The Travellers.

It was absolutely necessary, (as we have before observed) when Morland had a subject for the engraver in hand, if he wanted its speedy completion, to be cons antly at his elbow. The writer remembers having sold one of his pictures to M. de Calonne, who, it was stipu-

lated, should have the companion within a given time; but, notwithstanding a moiety in advance was paid, and the subject had been dead-colored, yet, convinced that all remonstrance upon the necessity of honor and punctuality in engagements would have been ineffectual, the following stratagem was made use of.

It has been already remarked, that Morland was an early riser; in the summer season he would frequently be at his easel by six in the morning, and sometimes even sooner. Aware of this, the writer procured two persons to represent the characters of sheriff's officers, whom he stationed at the White Lion, opposite to his door at Paddington, with instructions that they should take their breakfast in a room of the inn, directly opposite to his painting-room, and that they should also occasionally perambulate before the door of the public-house. This plan adopted, he obtained admission into his study, where he found him, as he expected, already at work, and requested he would then finish what he had so repeatedly promised; but so far from his entreaties or promises having the least effect, the more he urged them, the more ludicrous and jocose he became upon the occasion. After waiting a proper time, the writer carelessly opened a part of the shutter, as if to see the state of the weather, when he pretended to express some surprise at two men, who appeared to be watching the door of his house.

Morland, easily alarmed, and at this time, perhaps, not without cause for apprehension, reconnoitered their appearance, and instantly averred that they were waiting for him. As this idea had seized him, the writer gladly cherished it, and accordingly recommended, that the door should be kept closely shut, until it was ascertained whether these persons were actually in waiting for him, or whether there was any probability of their going away. He then renewed his solicitations that Morland would finish the picture, which he enforced by shewing him the other

moiety in solid cash, care having been previously taken of the entrance of the house, and orders being given that all comers should be answered by the servant out of a two-pair of stairs window, that Morland had not been at home all night. This had the desired effect, no interruption occurred, and all supplies being for that day apparently cut off, the artist made a virtue of necessity, and finished a landscape and figures, one of the best pictures he ever painted, and that in less than six hours after he had dead-coloured it. Having now succeeded, the writer, in order to remove his friend's apprehensions, pretended to recollect the countenance of one of the persons waiting, and in a few minutes demonstrated to Morland the truth of his observations, by taking the picture, wet as it was, and transferring it to the care of one of them to carry home.

The Cottagers (a very pretty performance) are represented by the master and family sitting at the door of the cottage. The attention of the farmer appears to be attracted towards his youngest child, which is held upon a table, and encouraged by a female who has it in charge, to attempt to walk. Another juvenile attraction is exhibited in the fore-ground, namely, the representation of one child riding upon the back of another.

All the accompaniments to this picture are exceedingly rich, and judiciously distributed. Mr. W. Ward, although Morland's brother-in-law, had the same trouble in dancing attendance upon him, when he wanted a picture, as other engravers.

TRAVELLERS.

To repeated specimens of the tribe of gypsies, which Morland has represented, this group also belongs; the same figures and appendages characterize it as have been before described.

Tinkers, potters, showmen, and a long *et cetera*, come under the denomination of Travellers, as painted by this artist; it is a companion to the Happy Cottagers, and a very pleasing print.

A VISIT TO THE CHILD AT NURSE.

Domestic enjoyments and conjugal affection attracted the pencil of Morland, but were not the practical study of his life. Few men, perhaps, ever enjoyed these seldomer, or probably courted them less. His volatile mind was by no means calculated for matrimony; for, from a fawning and disgusting affectation of love towards his wife, and that before strangers he would fly off into the most brutal and indecent language. If any cause could be assigned, the writer thinks the blame would be reciprocal. Reproachful and contemptuous epithets were often the entertainment of their acquaintance.

The foster-child, disowning its real parent, is seen clinging for protection to its nurse, whose countenance bespeaks kindness for the gratitude of the infant. A triumph thus described must equally please the parent who entrusts her child to the care of such a female. The appendages to a woman in low circumstances constitute the furniture of the house, and have an effect correspondent with the place intended to be described. The figure of the mother of the child is that of an elegant woman, and well contrasted with the simple attire of the nurse.

A VISIT TO THE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

An assemblage of female beauty and elegance hitherto never surpassed in any print, is here presented to the public, dressed in modern habiliments.

The exquisite taste of Mr. J. R. Smith, who directed Morland in painting this subject, has never exceeded its representation;—the subject,

perhaps, is too familiar.—A girl or a boy introduced to a parent who is visiting their seminary, is what has been seen by almost every one. Checked by the awe of the preceptor, who is in general present, it is not expected that we should see that familiarity which is the usual concomitant of domestic scenes.

ALE-HOUSE POLITICIANS.

This is exceedingly well engraved, but it is too low a subject to merit the same attention as several other pictures of this artist, who gave himself such a latitude upon some occasions, that was very disgusting to an eye of taste.

To Morland, perhaps, this might be sport, but, like the frogs in the fable, we might reply,

> " You sad, young good-for-nothing dogs,
> To you these may be pleasant stones,
> And so they might be to us frogs,
> But they're so hard they *break our bones!*"

Among the sufferers for permitting Morland to indulge his inclination, is a very worthy character in the city, at whose house, in the day of necessity, he always found an asylum. Here he painted a picture of the most heterogeneous description, filled with vulgar characters of every species, and equally disgusting in their different amusements.

The pastimes and employments which constitute the subject of the picture alluded to are so very local, mean, and ridiculous, as to preclude it from being worthy a place in any gentleman's apartment.

ANGRY FARMER.

Supplication after the commission of mischief is naturally to be expected, from the boy detected in the act here represented.

The stern countenance of the farmer forms an excellent contrast with that of the boy, who, caught in his roguery, is, with the rest of his fellow depredators, about to receive chastisement. This is the first print of a series of four; the other three are,

BOYS BATHING,—ROBBING ORCHARDS,—*and* SKAITING,

Which are entitled to equal merit with the first. The subject of skaiting has before been under consideration. The back-grounds of all these prints are in the most pleasant style of this master.

GOING OUT.

PLATE I.

———" Ere yet the morning peeps,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers;---then, to the copse
Thick with entangling grass or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-colored hounds,
In all their beauties' pride."

SOMERVILLE.

The anticipation of a day's recreation will tempt the sportsman from his bed at any hour; if the covert where the pack is to throw off be at a considerable distance, he will rise at midnight rather than lose the unkennelling of a fox.

The music of the dogs, and cheering notes of the huntsman when the drag is found, have a pleasing combination, and so irresistible are its charms, that the village soon loses its inhabitants, and the school its urchins. The ploughman will give the view-halloo, and the shepherd mark him for the hunters over the adjacent lands.

There is, I conceive, in the breasts of Englishmen, an innate love for the chace, especially among those born in the country parts; for

until the late tax upon the canine species, there was scarcely a cottager but had his hound, lurcher, or spaniel, unless interdicted by the authority of the *Village Governor*, which every hamlet in Great Britain has to *boast*.

Going out is represented by the pack, lately loosed from the kennel, and pressing round the huntsman, who is taking a morning dram,—the company following behind. This print is the least interesting of the set.

GOING INTO COVERT.

PLATE 2.

"Heav'ns! what melodious strains! how beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy; the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, through every dark recess,
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake;
The chorus swells."

SOMERVILLE.

We have here the huntsman, cheering and leading his pack to the covert; the dogs flourishing their tails, and pressing to the wood, from the encouragement of the huntsman's voice, are very evident, and characteristically delineated. Elate with the anticipation of the pleasures of the field, some of the party are giving their nags a short gallop to the skirts of the forest. All is gaiety,—men, horses, dogs, present one continued picture of hilarity, while health and joy sit smiling upon every countenance.

From the hedge ale-house in the distance, is seen the *whipper-in* making the best of his way to overtake the pack:—this fellow, the dread of his dogs, is own brother in infamy to the game-keeper.

"*Par nobile fratrum.*"

He is, of course, equally enamoured with the charms of the pot-house.

The landscape is very rich and appropriate.

AT FAULT.

PLATE 3.

In the annals of fox-hunting of late years, we have had some very curious characters both in high and low life. The celebrated *Dick Knight* of the *Pycheley hunt, Tom Moody* of the *Wrekin*, and a few others of the very lowest stamp, were exceedingly courted and caressed by many gentlemen fox-hunters.

This distinction, we should suppose, originated no less from the marvellous, which was boasted by these heroes of the chace, as well as for their actual achievements. It is really contemptible to hear men of understanding deal in hyperbole by wholesale, and upon all occasions relating the acts of these blockheads, claiming the merit of such performances as their own, which, indeed, they so often repeat, that at length they absolutely impose upon themselves, by believing what they have uttered, although to others the story appears most infamously improbable.

Hurried away by the impulse of pleasure, and vieing with his compeers to take the lead in a long and arduous chace, the sportsman baulks at nothing that opposes his speed; timber, the hedge, and the rivulet, are equally his contempt;—topping all these, he fearlessly leads the way until the game is run down, or found harboured in the copse. With the termination of the day's sport, the exultations above alluded to ought to be buried in oblivion, for, of every species of *boring*, that of achievements in hunting, shooting, or fishing, is perhaps the most intolerable.

The print of being *at Fault* is well depicted; the principal part of the hunters is represented near the side of the wood, and the huntsman and his attendant are making a cast to retrieve the fox.

The chastisement due to a babbling hound is well pourtrayed, by the master imprinting his whip upon the back of a dog in the foreground. The introduction of a terrier among the pack is a common circumstance, and has here a happy effect.

Experience in painting had taught our artist the advantages of introducing minutiæ; to this, perhaps, it is to be attributed, that his works are so universally esteemed as faithful delineations of Nature.

THE DEATH OF THE FOX.

PLATE 4.

"Hark! thro' yon village now
The rattling clamour rings,---the barns, the cots,
And leafless elms return the joyous sounds,
Thro' every homestall, and through every yard
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn he flies;
Thro' every hole he sneaks,---through every jakes,
Plunging, he wades besmeared, and fondly hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own:
But faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds,
With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue,
——————————— and on his blood
With greedy transport feast."

SOMERVILLE.

Hard pressed, the fox is endeavouring to find in the haunts of his former depredations a refuge from his pursuers, but is run into while crossing the barton that adjoins a cottage.

In this picture we have all the fire of the artist's pencil:—all is in motion; the dogs tearing their prey piece-meal, are followed by the huntsman and whipper-in, who are making their way over the rough

Moriand del

FROST PIECE.

From the Original in the Collection of Colonel Thornton.

paling to save Reynard's brush. The cat on the top of the cottage, with her swelled tail and humped back, and the fowl flying across the premises, are demonstrative proofs of the alarm occasioned by the visitants.

All parts of this picture have a consistency, and proper costume. It is evident that Morland intended to have made a complete series of these prints, but for some reason or other, the two principal points in fox-hunting, viz. *Breaking Covert, or the Burst,* and *Running the Fox in View,* are omitted. There is every reason to believe that this omission has damped the sale of these prints, which are already before the public.

A WINTER SCENE.

Morland appears to have been as happy in his depicting of winter scenes, as Thomson was in poetically describing them. The opportunity afforded an artist in handling is very great, from such subjects requiring heightening upon heightening, and light upon light, beside the wild and sportive boughs and ramifications of trees, which are seen skeletons in winter. The lodgement of the snow, and pendant icicles, all help to diversify, and are made from their brightness conspicuous, by being contrasted with a heavy, loaded atmosphere, fragments of straw, and perished fern, weeds, and dock, the natural appendages of winter's devastation, help the subject of such scenes, and are natural effects. The annexed specimen from the pencil of Morland, is engraved from the original in the collection of Colonel Thornton.

INDUSTRY.

Elevated above want, we find the British merchant has every inducement to industry as well as commercial enterprize; courted by foreign

agents, respected by his mercantile acquaintance, and happy in the bosom of his own family, he possesses all that *can* be wished.

Trade and friendship appear as incompatible as love and mathematics; hence arise that care and attention which every mercantile character must devote to his own concerns, before he attempts to afford assistance to his friends. It is by these means that each becomes a pillar of support to that commercial prosperity and credit, which so pre-eminently distinguish the merchants of Great Britain. Their own necessary disbursements previously made, they are liberal to excess, and where they can repose confidence, no pains to assist are spared, nor cash withheld to support the honor of a friend.

Economy amongst fools is a standing jest, and too often the man of necessary prudence becomes the object of their ridicule. To bestow indiscriminately does not constitute benevolence, whose essential character is to select and discriminate objects worthy of liberality and beneficence.

The late Sir Joshua Reynolds was taxed during his life with parsimony by those who, perhaps, envied his genius; it is our wish to convince such shallow calumniators, and those who, from ignorance or envy, had conceived or propagated the imputation, that the very reverse of this was the fact. It is true he was by no means profuse, but at the same time he so blended sense and spirit with humanity, and was so truly discriminative where his services might prove beneficial, that we believe the works of Dr. Johnson, with all his well known industry and application, would barely have kept him from want, had not the purse of Sir Joshua been continually open. The admiration of the simplicity of Goldsmith, combined with that just estimation in which his writings were held by Sir Joshua, stimulated him also to similar acts of beneficence towards this artless child of true simplicity and genuine nature;

and when we add to the multitude of this great master's acts of beneficence, the assistance he rendered the late Mr. Edmund Burke,* it will surely be admitted that he cherished the republic of letters as much by his generosity, as he emulated their genius by the elegant productions which he has left to literature and the fine arts.

Industry is in this print characterized by the figure of a merchant, who appears attended by his clerk, busied in matters of trade. The merchant's family are also introduced, in whose neat and uniform attire are seen the effects of industry, which produces wealth, cleanliness, and respect.

IDLENESS.

So various are the causes which produce this rust of the human mind, this bane of every noble or meritorious exertion, or, if we may be allowed the expression, this torpid apathy of living death, that their specific enumeration becomes a task of some difficulty. Vanity, or the wish to make false appearances, gaming, drinking, and the turf, are perhaps some steps to wretchedness, but of all these evils, which in an accumulated ratio stifle the fire of genius, or subdue the spirit of industry, perhaps the worst is that of falling into the fangs of some petty-fogging attorney. Whether from inadvertently becoming security for some friend, a cruel persecution, or the bitter and inextricable consequences of some ill-advised, or which is perhaps more frequently the case, ill conducted law-suit, the poor victim sinks under the *impression, in this world to rise no more.* Vain are all the labors of well directed industry,—vain even the consolations of the wise! The mind of the victim, like the soul of the guilty Dane, as described by Shakspeare,

"Whilst struggling to get free
Is still the more enthralled."

* By directions in the will of Sir J. Reynolds, a bond for two thousand pounds to Sir J. Reynolds by Mr. Burke, for money lent, was committed to the flames.

With more than the labor of Sisyphus, the wretch is daily heaving up the hill the mighty rock which never could attain the summit.

Sometimes, perhaps through sickness, indeed, which may be termed the visitation of God, a man's exertions may be paralysed, but this may terminate either in death, or deliverance by returning health; but a tenfold hell awaits the wretch who falls a victim to that attorney, who, perhaps, is learning his profession at the expence of his client, and whose ignorance or knavery is probably remunerated at the expence of the unfortunate family, who may be transferred to the workhouse, whilst the knavish oppressor rolls triumphantly in a gilded vehicle.

The humane theory of British jurisprudence has, indeed, laid it down, that every wrong has its remedy, and that upon the principle of Magna Charta, "*nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus, nec differemus rectum vel justitiam,*" the law was open to all, and the meanest individual might obtain for every injury an adequate redress; but, alas! the present practice is not in unison with this sublime theory. It is true that a poor man may now, indeed, sue *in formâ pauperis;* but to say nothing of the danger he *formerly* incurred of a whipping in case of defeat, the expences of applying for this privilege are more than a poor man can sustain.

Happy, most happy would it be for society, if some mode could be devised, of preventing the harpies of the law from preying upon the vitals of honest but credulous industry,—from tearing the scanty morsel of bread from the jaws of the unprotected infant, and crowding our prisons with those, who, but for these interested agents of ignorance, or perhaps self-injuring malice, would contribute largely to our national wealth by the exercise of laudable industry and well-directed enterprize.

1

Morland del.

Mackenzie sc.

ASSES.

From the Original in the Collection of William Lowndes Esq.

Moriand. del.

Mackenzie, Sc.

GOATS.

From the Original in the Collection of William Lunn, Esq.

The original picture from which this print is engraved, is one of the finest specimens of Morland's abilities, and is, with its companion, in the possession of Mr. Thompson, of Newport Street, who is the publisher of the prints.

The subject of idleness is represented by a man and his family in extreme distress;—the loose and slovenly appearance of the figures bespeaks the very acmé of wretchedness.

GOATS.

We have in this drawing a very spirited and accurate delineation of the male and female of the specie, with a character in the head of the he goat, truly indicative of wantonness and mischief. This drawing we were favored with from the collection of W. Lynn, Esq.

ASSES.

In delineating these animals, Morland was equally as correct as any other he attempted. The annexed is a bold specimen of his pencilling, and is also from the collection of W. Lynn, Esq.

THE BARN DOOR.

This vulgar, rude, uncouth subject, the cattle excepted, is a companion to the gypsies, and it is in every respect qualified for being hung opposite to it. A country clown hugging a London milk-maid, and a lout looking on, a cow peeping out of a barn, two asses, and a pig, constitute the whole figures of this subject.

SHEPHERD AND DOG.

A subject we have noticed before, and a very respectable print.

TEMPTATION.

An officer offering his purse to a girl selling gingerbread, &c. This subject is well engraved, and evinces considerable taste.

CHILDISH AMUSEMENT.

"The sports of children, satisfy the child."

The domestic, apparently employed to take care of the children, having fallen asleep, is represented as teazed by the urchins, who are tickling his nose and ears with straws. This is a pleasing subject, depicted with humour.

MAIL COACH IN A STORM.

In a picture painted by Rathbone, Morland has introduced a coach and horses, the latter of which appear very spirited—the rest of the subject is poor.

FIGHTING DOGS.

This animated picture is painted in the true spirit of canine ferocity. The opportunities Morland has had of making himself acquainted with subjects of this description, prove how necessary it is for a painter to have an universal knowledge.

SHEEP.

To use the observation of Shakspeare, Morland had the gift from Nature,

"To give to airy nothing, a local habitation."

The unmeaning countenance of sheep, and their still more unmeaning form when moderately fleeced, are circumstances that require the power of genius to give any thing like a representation that will strike and please; but such was the divination attached to Morland's pencil, that you might read the very wants of the animals he pour-

SHEEP.

Mackenzie on Wool. Plate III. Sheep in the Pasture of Mr. Wilson, Lyon Cop.

trayed. His paintings of sheep, are, perhaps, among some of his happiest efforts, and never surpassed by any painter before him, or of his time.

The original drawing of these animals, is belonging to the collection of W. Lynn, Esq.

WOODCUTTERS AT DINNER.

The landscape rich. The figures tame, and want the usual spirit of the master.

TRAVELLERS.

Companion to the former, but a much better composition.

PAYING THE OSTLER.

The artist who engraved this subject, deserved less pay than he received. A very good subject, and from a respectable picture, but spoiled in the graphic part.

MORLAND'S SKETCHES.

As these are too numerous, and would occupy the larger portion of a man's life to enumerate, we are compelled here to epitomize them, by observing they are all excellent in their way, and principally engraved from black chalk drawings. The most select of them are published by Mr. ORME, of Bond-street, and Mr. THOMPSON, of Newport-street.

CATALOGUE

OF THE

WORKS OF MORLAND,—

Subject.	*Engraver.*	*Manner of Engraving.*
African Hospitality - - -	J. R. Smith	Mezzotinto
Angry Farmer - - - -	Scott	Chalk
Affluence reduced - - - -	J. R. Smith	
Alehouse Kitchen - - - -	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Alehouse Door - - - -	Do.	Do.
A set of Fox-Hunting, six subjects -		Chalk
A set of Coursing the Hare, four subjects	Morland	Etching
Alehouse Politicians - - -	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
A set of Fox-Hunting, four subjects	Bell	Do.
Ass Race - - - - - -	Dodd	Aquatinta
A set of four subjects, Duck, Snipe, Partridge, and Pheasant Shooting	S. Alkin and Rowlandson	Etched and aquatinta
Blindman's Buff - - - -	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Boys Bathing - - - -	Scott	Chalk
Breaking the Ice - - - -	J. R. Smith	Mezzotinto
Bear Baiting - - - -		Do.
Benevolent Sportsman, or Morning -	J. Grozier	Do.
Black Eyed Susan - - -	Knight	Chalk
Barn Door - - - - -	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Christmas Gambols - - -	J. R. Smith	Mezzotinto
Christmas Holidays - - -	Do.	Do.
Children Nutting - - - -	Days	Do.
Children Birds'-nesting - - -	W. Ward	Do.
Cat and Dog - - - -	J. R. Smith	Do.
Corn Binn - - - - -	Do.	Do.
Cow Herd - - - - -	Do.	Do.
Constancy - - - - -	W. Ward	Chalk
Credulous Innocence - - -	Young	Mezzotinto

THE ENGRAVER, MANNER OF ENGRAVING, SIZE, PRICE, AND PUBLISHER.

PROOFS, AND COLORED PRINTS, ARE ALWAYS CHARGED DOUBLE.

Size. Inches by Inches.	*Form.*	*Where described.*	*Price.*	*By whom published originally.*
22 by 17½	Square	Page 144	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
	Do.	154		Do.
		150		Do.
15 by 12	Upright	73	0 7 6	Do.
Do.	Do.	73	0 7 6	Do.
	Square	115	1 1 0	Harris
	Do.	71	1 1 0	Do.
22 by 17½	Do.	154	0 15 0	J. and W. Ward
	Do.	156	4 4 0	Bell
	Do.	117	0 7 6	P. Cornman
	Do.	68	1 1 0	Harris
22 by 17½	Square	76	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
	Do.	156		Do.
22 by 17½	Do.	83	0 15 0	Do.
15 by 12	Do.	134	0 7 6	Do.
22 by 17½	Do.	119	0 15 0	J. Grozier
12 Inches	Circle	104	0 7 6	Dickenson
22 by 17½	Square	163	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
22 by 17½	Square	150	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
Do.	Do.	150	0 15 0	Do.
Do.	Do.	150	0 15 0	Do.
Do.	Do.	150	0 15 0	Do.
15 by 12	Do.	77	0 7 6	Do.
22 by 17½	Do.	86	0 15 0	Do.
Do.	Do.	84	0 15 0	Do.
12 by 9	Upright	70	0 7 6	Dickenson
20 by 16	Upright	114	0 12 0	Birchall

Subject.	*Engraver.*	*Manner of Engraving.*
Childish Amusement - - -	Dickenson	Mezzotinto
Cows - - - - - -	Reynolds	Chalk
Calves and Girl - - - -		Mezzotinto
Conway Castle - - - -	Hassell	Aquatinta
Children gathering Blackberries -	Dickenson	Mezzotinto
Children fishing for Pricklebats -	Do.	Do.
Cottage Stye - - - -	Bell	Do.
Cottagers - - - - -	W. Ward	Do.
Cottagers Wealth - - - -	Keating	Do.
Contemplating the Miniature - -		Do.
Country Butcher - - - -	W. Ward	Do.
Children playing at Soldiers - -	Do.	Do.
Deserter, in a series of four plates -	Keating	Mezzotinto
Discovery - - - - -	Dumée	Chalk
Delia in Town - - - -		Do.
Delia in the Country - - -		Do.
Dogs - - - - - -	Shepherd	Do.
Dog-Kennel - - - - -		Mezzotinto
Delicate Embarrassment - -		Do.
Delightful Story - - - -	W. Ward	Do.
Dancing Dogs - - - -	Gaugain	Chalk
Evening - - - - -		
Evening, or the Post-boy's Return -		Chalk
Evening, or the Sportsman's Return	Grozier	Mezzotinto
Farmer's Door - - - -	Duttereau	Chalk
Fair Seducer - - - -	Dumée	Do.
Feeding Pigs - - - -	J. R. Smith	Mezzotinto
Fishermen - - - - -	J. Ward	Do.
Fighting Dogs - - - -	J. R. Smith	Do.
Farm Yard - - - - -	W. Ward	Do.
Farmer's Stable - - - -	Do.	Do.
Fisherman's Hut - - - -	J. R. Smith	Do.
First of September, Morning - -	W. Ward	Do.
———————, Evening - -	Do.	Do.
Fleecy Charge - - - -	Shepherd	Chalk
Frightened Horse - - - -	Bell	Mezzotinto
Fisherman's Dog - - - -	Reynolds	Do.

Size. Inches by Inches.	*Form.*	*Where described.*	*Price.*	*By whom published originally.*
20 by 16	Upright	Page 164	0 12 0	Dickenson
15 by 12	Square	89	0 7 6	Bell
	Do.	89	0 7 6	Morgan
21 by 16	Do.	117	0 7 6	Tegg
20 by 16	Upright	130	0 12 0	Dickenson
Do.	Do.	130	0 12 0	Do.
18 by 14	Square	130	0 10 6	Bell
22 by 17½	Do.	150	0 15 0	Simpson
22 by 17½	Do.	51	0 15 0	Morgan
20 by 16	Upright	51	0 12 0	
22 by 17½	Square	100	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
Do.	Do.	74	0 15 0	Do.
20 by 16	Upright	94	3 0 0	J. R. Smith
10 by 8	Oval	77	0 7 6	Do.
	Upright	77		Do.
	Do.	77		Do.
18 by 14	Square	92	0 15 0	Macklin
15 by 12	Do.	135	0 7 6	J. R. Smith
	Upright	103		
	Oval	117	0 7 6	Reed
	Upright	149	0 10 6	Colnaghi
		150		J. R. Smith
22 by 17½	Square	128	0 15 0	Orme
Do.	Do.	120	0 15 0	Grozier
	Upright	68	0 10 6	J. R. Smith
10 by 8	Oval	77	0 7 6	Do.
22 by 17½	Square	61	0 15 0	Do.
Do.	Do.	78	0 15 0	Do.
15 by 12	Do.	164	0 7 6	Do.
22 by 17½	Do.	56	0 15 0	Do.
Do.	Do.	90	0 15 0	Do.
Do.	Do.	97	0 15 0	Do.
24 by 18	Do.	52	1 1 0	Simpson
Do.	Do.	52	1 1 0	Do.
18 by 14	Do.	71	0 15 0	Macklin
15 by 12	Upright	70	0 7 6	Bell
Do.	Square	98	0 7 6	

Subject.	*Engraver.*	*Manner of Engraving.*
Fisherman - - - - - -	Young	Mezzotinto
Fishermen preparing to go out -		Aquatinta
Fishermen in a Storm - - -		Do.
First of September - - -	Reynolds	Mezzotinto
First Pledge of Love - - -	Prattent	Chalk
Four Seasons, in a series of four subjects	Do.	Do.
Farmer's Visit to his married Daughter	Dickenson	Do.
Farmer's Visit returned - - -	Do.	Do.
Guinea Pigs - - - - - -	Gaugain	Chalk
Gypsies - - - - - - -	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Gathering Fruit - - - - -	Meadows	Chalk
Gathering Wood - - - - -	Do.	Do.
Grey Horse - - - - - -	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Gypsies' Tent - - - - -	Grozier	Do.
Gypsies Regaling - - - -		Do.
Girl and Pigs - - - - -	Reynolds	Do.
Giles - - - - - - -	W. Ward	Do.
Happy Cottagers - - -	Grozier	Mezzotinto
Haymakers - - - - -		Do.
Hard Bargain - - - - -	W. Ward	Do.
Higlers - - - - - -		Chalk
Harley and Old Edwards - -	J. Pettit	Mezzotinto
Happy Family - - - -	Dean	Do.
Juvenile Navigators - - -	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Idle Laundress - - - -	Blake	Chalk
Industrious Cottager - - -	Do.	Do.
Idleness - - - - - -	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Industry - - - - - -	Do.	Do.
Innocence Alarmed - - -	Do.	Do.
Idleness - - - - - -	Hudson	Chalk
Industry - - - - - -	Do.	Chalk
Kite Entangled - - - -	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Landscape View on a Common -	C. Prestell	Aquatinta
Landscapes—Two small Views -		Soft Ground
Landscapes—Six Views - -	Fittler	Line manner

Size. Inches by Inches.	*Form.*	*Where described.*	*Price.*	*By whom published originally.*
18 by 14	Square	Page 131	0 10 6	Young
6 by 12	Do.	135	0 7 6	
Do.	Do.	135	0 7 6	
15 by 12	Do.	89	0 7 6	Jeffreys
10 Inches	Circle	104	0 6 0	Prattent
7	Do.	87	0 3 6	Do.
12	Do.	113	0 15 0	Dickenson
12	Do.	114	0 15 0	Do.
	Upright	149	0 15 0	Gaugain
22 by 17½	Square	76	0 15 0	Simpson
	Do.	98		J. R. Smith
	Do.	100		Do.
22 by 17½	Do.	147	0 15 0	Macklin
Do.	Do.	104	0 15 0	Grozier
Do.	Do.	135	0 15 0	Orme
15 by 12	Do.	89	0 7 6	Morgan
24 by 17½	Do.	122	0 15 0	Macklin
22 by 17½	Do.	106	0 15 0	Grozier
	Do.	51	0 7 6	Reid
24 by 17½	Do.	120	0 15 0	Macklin
22 by 17½	Do.	127	0 15 0	Orme
Do.	Do.	69	0 15 0	Holland
20 by 16	Upright	117	0 7 6	Dean
22 by 17½	Square	127	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
	Do.	78	0 6 0	Do.
	Do.	78	0 6 0	Do.
20 by 16	Upright		0 15 0	Simpson
Do.	Do.		0 15 0	Simpson
24 by 17½	Square	124	0 15 0	Macklin
		103		J. R. Smith
		103		J. R. Smith
20 by 16	Upright		0 15 0	J. R. Smith
22 by 17½	Square	66	0 10 6	Freeman
12 by 9	Do.	98	0 5 0	Akerman
7 by 5	Do.	66	1 1 0	P. Cornman

Subject.	*Engraver.*	*Manner of Engraving.*
Labourer's Luncheon	Jossi	Chalk
Louisa, two Plates	Gaugain	Chalk
Little Nurse	Graham	Do.
Morning	J. R. Smith	
Morland's Winter	Barnard	Mezzotinto
Morland's Summer	Do.	Do.
Millers		Do.
Morland's Ass	Malgo	Do.
Mad Bull	W. Ward	Do.
Morland's Woodman		Chalk
Morland's Cottager		Do.
Mutual Confidence		Mezzotinto
Mail Coach in a Storm	Reynolds	Do.
Mastiff Chained		Do.
Miniature Picture	W. Ward	Do.
Nurse and Children	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Public-house Door	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Partridge-shooting		Chalk
Pompey under Discipline	Graham	Chalk
Poll and my Partner Joe	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Press Gang	Do.	Do.
Peasant's Repast	Jossi	Chalk
Party Angling	Keating	Mezzotinto
Playing at Soldiers	W. Ward	Do.
Poacher		Do.
Peace	Graham	Chalk
Pointer and Hare	Reynolds	Mezzotinto
Paying the Ostler		Do.
Refreshment	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Rabbit Warren	S. Alken	Aquatinta
Rubbing down the Post Horse	J. R. Smith	Mezzotinto
Return from Market	J. R. Smith	Do.
Robbing the Orchard	Scott	Chalk
Rustic Courtship		Chalk
Rustic Ease	Young	Mezzotinto
Rustic Hovel	Bell	Do.

Size. Inches by Inches.	*Form.*	*Where described.*	*Price.*	*By whom published originally.*
15 by 12	Upright	Page 47	0 10 6	J. R. Smith
12	Circles	142	1 1 0	Do.
	Circle	104	0 3 6	Simpson
		150		J. R. Smith
22 by 17½	Square	142	0 15 0	Barnard
Do.	Do.	142	0 15 0	Do.
20 by 16	Upright	118	0 12 0	Morgan
12 by 10	Square	147	0 5 0	Orme
17 by 13½	Do.	117	0 15 0	P. Cornman
	Upright	148	0 15 0	
	Do.	149	0 15 0	
		103	0 7 6	
23½ by 18	Square		0 15 0	Akerman
	Do.	132	0 7 6	
	Oval	135	0 7 6	Reed
20 by 16	Upright	72	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
22 by 17½	Square	132	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
12 by 9	Square	96	0 7 6	Do.
9	Circle	104	0 3 6	Simpson
15 by 12	Square	70	0 10 6	P. Cornman
Do.	Do.	70	0 10 6	Do.
Do.	Upright	47	0 10 6	J. R. Smith
2 by 17½	Square	125	0 15 0	Do.
Do.	Do.		0 15 0	Do.
20 by 16	Upright	118	0 15 0	Morgan
	Do.	135	0 7 6	Collins
15 by 12	Square	89	0 7 6	Jeffreys
22 by 17½	Do.		0 15 0	Macklin
12 by 9	Square	51	0 2 6	P. Cornman
15 by 12	Do.	69	0 7 6	J. R. Smith
Do.	Do.	50	0 7 6	Do.
22 by 17½	Do.	57	0 15 0	Do.
	Do.			Do.
12 by 9	Do.	114	0 5 0	Reed
18 by 14	Do.	130	0 10 6	Young
Do.	Do.	129	0 10 6	Bell

Subject.	*Engraver.*	*Manner of Engraving.*
Returning from Labour - -	Bourke	Chalk
Rustic Ballad - - - -		Do.
Sun-set, altered to the Boy burning Weeds - - - - -	Jas. Ward	Mezzotinto
Sportman's Hall - - - -	J. Pettit	Do.
Shepherds Reposing - - -	Bond	Chalk
Stable Amusement - - -	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Sheep - - - - -	Bell	Do.
Sportsman's Return—Evening -	Grozier	Do.
St. James's Park - - - -	Gaugain	Chalk
Seduction - - - - -	Young	Mezzotinto
Summer - - - - -	Gardner	Chalk
Setters - - - - - -	Jas. Ward	Mezzotinto
Seduction, in a Series of six Plates -	J. R. Smith	Chalk
Squire's Door - - - -	Duttereau	Chalk
Slave Trade - - - -	J. R. Smith	Mezzotinto
Skaiting - - - - -	Scott	Chalk
Smugglers - - - - -	Jas. Ward	Mezzotinto
Selling Fish - - - -	J. R. Smith	Do.
Sportsmen Refreshing - - -	S. Alken	Aquatinta
Snipe Shooting - - - -		Chalk
Setter and Pigs - - - -		Mezzotinto
Shepherd and Dog - - -		Do.
Sailors Regailing - - - -	W. Ward	Do.
Sportsman's Return - - -	Do.	Do.
Shepherd and Dog - - -		Do.
Sheep - - - - -	J. R. Smith	Do.
The Storm - - - - -	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
The Dram - - - - -	Do.	Do.
The Repast - - - - -		Do.
Temptation - - - - -	Humphrey	Do.
The Power of Justice - - -	Dean	Do.
The Triumph of Benevolence -	Do.	Do.
The Last Litter - - - -	W. Ward	Do.
The Weary Sportsman - -		Chalk
Tea Garden - - - -	Gaugain	Do.
Two Setters - - - - -	Kennerly	Do.
Travellers - - - - -		Mezzotinto

Size. Inches by Inches.	*Form.*	*Where described.*	*Price.*	*By whom published originally.*
	Upright	Page 110		Macklin
12 by 9		51	0 5 0	Reed
22 by 17½	Square	49	0 15 0	Tabart
Do.	Do.	69	0 15 0	Holland
18 by 14	Upright	112	0 15 0	Macklin
22 by 17½	Square	134	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
18 by 14	Do.	129	0 10 6	Bell
22 by 17½	Do.	120	0 15 0	Grozier
20 by 16	Oval	68	0 15 0	Gaugain
Do.	Upright	114	0 12 0	Birchall
12 by 9	Do.	114	0 7 6	Harding
15 by 12	Square	51	0 7 6	Morgan
	Upright	136	2 5 0	J. R. Smith
	Square	69		Do.
22 by 17½	Do.	144	0 15 0	Do.
	Do.	155		Do.
22 by 17½	Do.	81	0 15 0	Do.
Do.	Do.	96	0 15 0	Do.
15 by 12	Do.	69	0 7 6	Do.
	Do.	96	0 7 6	Do.
9 by 6	Do.	116		Laurie & Co.
20 by 16	Upright		0 15 0	
22 by 17½	Square	101	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
24 by 17½	Do.	91	0 15 0	Macklin
20 by 16	Upright		0 15 0	
22 by 17½	Square	113	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
20 by 16	Upright	64	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
Do.	Do.	62	0 15 0	Do.
22 by 17½	Square	127	0 15 0	Do.
20 by 16	Upright		0 12 0	Dickenson
Do.	Do.	116	0 10 6	Dean
Do.	Do.	117	0 10 6	Do.
24 by 17½	Square	123	0 15 0	Macklin
18 by 14	Upright	116	0 15 0	Do.
20 by 16	Oval	68	0 15 0	Gaugain
9 by 6	Square	119	0 6 0	Macklin
20 by 16	Upright	152		

Subject.	*Engraver.*	*Manner of Engraving.*
The Feeder - - - - -	J. R. Smith	Mezzotinto
Visit to the Donkies - - -	W. Ward	Mezzotinto
Valentine's Day - - - -	Dean	Do.
Visit to the Boarding School -	W. Ward	Do.
Visit to the Child at Nurse - -	Do.	Do.
Variety - - - - - -	Do.	Chalk
Watering the Cart Horse - -	J. R. Smith	Mezzotinto
War - - - - - -	Graham	Chalk
Winter - - - - - -	Gardner	Do.
Wood-cutters at Dinner. - -	Williamson	

Size. Inches by Inches.	*Form.*	*Where described.*	*Price.*	*By whom published originally.*
22 by 17½	Square	Page 84	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
18 by 14	Square	180	0 10 6	Macklin
20 by 16	Upright	117	0 7 6	Dean
22 by 17½	Square	153	0 15 0	J. R. Smith
22 by 17½	Do.	153	0 15 0	Do.
12 by 9	Upright	70	0 7 6	Dickenson
15 by 12	Square	50	0 7 6	J. R. Smith
12 by 9	Upright	135	0 7 6	Collins
Do.	Do.	114	0 7 6	Harding
	Do.	165		Williamson

Compleat Collections of the Prints after the Works of Morland are to be had on applying to James Cundee, Ivy-Lane, Paternoster-Row.

APPENDIX.

ADDRESS.

Non fuit minoris Simplicitatis quam Artis.——Plin.

AT a period when the arts and sciences seem approaching to perfection, and the taste and genius of the nation becoming more refined by an universal patronage and admiration of the liberal arts, it was thought that the exhibition of the productions of one of our countrymen might be peculiarly grateful.

The works of Mr. Morland have fallen into the hands of a few connoisseurs; among the number, the proprietor of the present collection has, for his own private gratification, employed unwearied attention in selecting and purchasing his best and most valuable compositions; without even having seen or known the artist, he confesses himself to have been an enthusiastic admirer of his productions. His merit has been long concealed, and the public prevented from paying a tribute of respect to the memory of an artist whose genius and originality have done honor to their country. The catalogue of the present gallery, containing nearly One Hundred of his most excellent paintings, has been drawn up rather to assist those whose attention has never been turned to the graphic art than as a critical work. The taste of an artist or an individual, refined by education and the study of the best models, requires no direction: to the former, independent of its imperfections, it may prove of some service; to the latter, it is undeserving of notice.

The style and genius of Morland ought not to be dismissed without some few remarks. His talents were peculiar and powerful, his style perfectly original; furnished with a strong and copious fancy, he enriched his subjects with a variety of new and original images, which he painted from nature. Whatever he once impressed on his memory time never effaced; and, after the lapse of years, he could delineate a scene, which he had observed and admired, with the utmost correctness. The characters (always English) are appropriate to the subject; the scenes he represented sufficiently diversified, and pleasingly varied with wild and romantic beauties; and his minute attention rendered him particularly observant to the innumerable little circumstances that should be expressed in descriptions of nature. His productions, in point of coloring, generally possess great brilliancy and richness; he admitted many subordinate lights in his compositions, studiously avoiding that affectation of allowing but one mass of light, which has been censured in some of the best masters. To the objection that has been raised against Mr. Morland, that he studied neither in the schools, or from the productions of Italy, we may oppose, as strongly applying to this case, the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds upon the genius of Gainsborough; "It must be remembered, that the style which he chose and so much excelled in, did not require that he should go out of his own country for the objects of his study; they were every where about him, he found them in the streets and in the fields; and, from the models thus accidentally found, he selected with great judgment such as suited his purpose. As his studies were directed to the living world principally, he did not pay a general attention to the works of the various masters; but, it cannot be denied, that excellence in the department of the art which he professed may exist without them; that, in such subjects, and in the manner that belongs to them, the want of them is supplied by natural sagacity, and a minute observation of particular nature."

A. T. P.

A

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE,

WITH

REMARKS

ON THE

LEADING BEAUTIES OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

IN THE

MORLAND GALLERY.

1.—COW AND CALF.

THE easy and natural position of the cow and calf is well delineated, and very judiciously relieved by the contrasted color of the shed, together forming a very pleasing effect.—*On canvas.*

2.—SMUGGLERS.

The figures represented are of that hardy, rough-hewn race, that inhabit the coast, defying the utmost vigilance of government; and, laboring to secure their contraband trade, they are here landing their cargo. Grouped with great propriety, every individual is adapted to his action: the figure that appears raising a weight from the bottom of the boat, with his legs bare, which are distinctly seen through the transparency of the water, is expressed with uncommon boldness. The superior and commanding appearance of the chief, raised on the cliff, is equally deserving attention.—*On canvas.*

3.—TWO GUINEA-PIGS.

These portraits are finished in the best manner and coloring.—*On canvas.*

4.—A LANDSCAPE.

In the centre a boy holding a white horse; to the right some cottagers, between which and the rising ground, on the left, winds a road; the whole terminated by hills in the distance.—*On pannel.*

5.—A LANDSCAPE.

The romantic subject of this small picture is delightful; the figures easy, and the sheep beautifully disposed. It ranks among his best cabinet pieces.—*On pannel.*

6.—TRAVELLERS BENIGHTED.

This is a unique picture of the artist, and evinces the strong versatile powers of his mind. The effect is chaste and beautiful: the happy disposition of the light, contrasted with the sombre appearance and depth of color in the back-ground, is very fine; every touch conducing to the general effect. It displays a combination of beauties, which, if comparison could do honor to native merit, may be said to vie with many of the productions, in this style, of the best masters.—*On canvas.*

7.—A LAND-STORM.

The artist has given us, what we rarely see represented on canvas, a summer storm. In conception, composition, and coloring, it may be truly termed a picture of peculiar excellence. The scene is very happily imagined: the action of the horseman, who boldly faces the storm, and the pedestrian, shrinking from it, are the very effects of nature. The horses snuff the wind, the grass and trees are agitated to a degree

that they appear in motion. The most spirited and just conception in this picture is in the representation of the sky. The clouds, loaded with water, seem ready to discharge themselves on the neighbouring country. This is one of those striking and natural beauties, that give so much truth and dignity to Morland's representations.—*On canvas.*

8.—FISHERMENS' COT.

The figures faithfully delineate the characters they are intended to represent. The countenances of the fishermen at the table are particularly expressive.—*On canvas.*

9.—THE RUINS OF A HUT.

In the front, a group of figures passing over a bridge; in the perspective, a shepherd and his flock. The coloring is extremely verdant and rich: as a whole it is highly pleasing and spirited.—*On canvas.*

10.—BOYS THROWING SNOW-BALLS.

A woman and child returning home loaded, followed by their faithful companion. The interest of this piece is increased by the diversion of two boys throwing snow-balls at each other. A fine tone pervades the whole.—*On canvas.*

11.—THE CORN-BINN.

Nothing can be more happily executed than the whole figure and attitude of the white horse: his countenance and eye, and his pawing with his foot, strongly mark his impatience to receive his accustomed allowance of food. The artist has here given an anatomy of the whole animal so perfect, as to be the subject of an excellent study: nor must we lose sight of the other, who, though more passive, still betrays a

characteristic anxiety. The interior of the binn is wonderfully fine, and the action of the men peculiarly appropriate;—in short, it will scarcely be in the power of any man to give a more just and accurate view of the inside of a stable. The white horse was a favorite one belonging to Morland, and was many years the companion of his eccentric journeys. The public have had an opportunity of admiring the beauties of this painting, which have been faithfully copied, in an elegant engraving, by Mr. Smith.—*On canvas.*

12.—HAYMAKERS REFRESHING.

We have to regret, from the beauty of this sketch, that the artist never completed it. The drawing and outlines are considered as in the highest degree correct.—*On canvas.*

13.—THE PIGS.

One of Morland's excellencies, as an artist, consisted in his accurate representation of animals, and his reputation as a painter was highly established by productions of this nature. This painting is the most distinguished exhibition of the kind he ever produced; and, had his fame rested alone on this specimen of talent, he would still have been entitled to the celebrity he has acquired. Nothing can surpass the exactness of the two pigs: the eye seems to move, as though animated with life; the attitudes are natural and just; the outlines are boldly marked: and the bodies, from the effect of the shade, well thrown forward on the canvas. The accompaniments are most accurately and highly finished. As a whole it may, in this particular line of painting, be considered as a master-piece.—*On canvas.*

14.—SEDUCTION.

The conception and execution of this picture are both admirable. The skilful and varied forms of the trees, the coloring of the sky, which is distinctly seen through the mass of foliage, and the general glow that pervades the whole, are natural effects. In the characters the artist has displayed a greater power,—the expression of the human passions, which is so strongly marked, that the countenances of the several figures furnish us with the narrative. In the seducer the outline and attitude convince us he is above the common class: his duplicity and persuasive adulation, "the infectious sigh and pleading look," seem to be gradually subduing the simplicity, the fears, and the reluctance of the female. The attentive and suspicious vigilance of age, ever mistrustful and anxious on account of the dangers and inexperience of youth, is finely depicted in the character of the old woman listening from the cottage-door.—*On canvas.*

15.—THE BARGAIN.

The subject is after the style of the Flemish school. The characters, a farmer and butcher, are completely English, marked with that independent and stern appearance peculiar to both. The harmony of coloring and contrasted light, contribute to the great excellence of this composition.—*On canvas.*

16.—TRAVELLERS.

A beautiful upright picture. In the fore-ground two travellers, man and woman, passing through a field; to the right a tree, considerably agitated by the effect of a high wind. A spirited composition.—*On canvas.*

17.—SHIPWRECK.

Representing a storm, with a ship going to pieces against the rocks in the back-ground. The figures on the left are touched with uncommon

spirit and energy: the light brought on the water and summit of the cliffs is well contrasted with the lowering and awful appearance of the sky.—*On pannel.*

18.—ALE-HOUSE DOOR.

Two peasants are regaling at the door of a cottage, and seem in earnest conversation. The figures are drawn with a force highly characteristic, and exhibit objects to be every day met with in the country. The rude workmanship of the table on which they are resting is truly natural. The fine, mellow, rich, and masterly management of coloring in this picture, ranks it among the choicest of his productions.—*On canvas.*

19.—THE DEAD PORKER.

The pig, having been scoured, is laid on the bench, and the butcher washing his hands of the blood. A carman waits for his load; while the children, crowding round, express their curiosity. In a subject so familiar, the greatest attention has been paid to its execution: the pig drawn to perfection; the surrounding figures are judiciously disposed, and the countenances marked with proper interest; the coloring is extremely rich and brilliant; the composition is worthy of the highest merit.—*On canvas.*

20.—INSIDE OF A COTTAGE.

A scene familiar to every spectator. The figures are easy and characteristic; the coloring correct and chaste.—*On canvas.*

21.—SHIPWRECK.

For pathos and effect this may be considered as the chef-d'œuvre of our artist. If the distresses of others can, in painting, awaken our sympathy and compassion, there are few spectators whose feelings will not be deeply affected by the deliberate contemplation of this piece. In the

back-ground, the vessel forced on shore is represented dismasted, going to pieces, with a high surf dashing over her. The fore-ground is occupied by a most interesting group: a few of the mariners, having deserted their vessel and taken to their boat, are driven on the rocks, the boat is bilged, and the waters gushing through her sides. The appearance of the sailor holding the rope, and the soldier, is highly characteristic; the strongest affliction and anxiety are expressed in their countenances; the sorrow and concern of the soldier seem increased by observing the affectionate sensibility and regard of his dog. It perhaps is impossible to imagine a production more rich, correct, or replete with grandeur and incident; the clearing up of the sky giving an increased light on the fore-ground, the tint and curl of the waves, and the broken billows rushing up between the cavities of the rocks, are truly natural representations which must have been observed by every person, and, in their forcible appeal to the feelings of individuals, carry a conviction of their beauty and merit.—*On canvas.*

22.—THE HUNT.

The foremost object, a man thrown, and his horse taking into the wood, followed by two huntsmen in full chase. The spirit given in the delineation of this subject is very great; the beauty of the perspective forms a delightful contrast with the broken surface of the fore-ground, and rich foliage of the wood.—*On canvas.*

23.—CATCHING MUSCLES.

This is highly finished, and must be considered as one of his best cabinet-pictures. In the centre, a fishing-boat hauled on shore; in the front, three figures collecting muscles. The distance is most beautifully terminated by a range of lofty cliffs, which seem gradually to recede

from the eye, until they are lost in the thickness of the atmosphere. The complexion of the sea, and the brilliancy and clearness of the coloring, are equally deserving of admiration.—*On pannel.*

24.—PORTRAIT OF BUSH, THE BRICK-MOULDER.

Portrait of a superintendant of a brick-kiln, who, although he could neither read nor write, calculated and kept an accurate account of the business in which he was engaged. The resemblance is most faithful, and the painting is particularly remarkable for the singular expedition with which it was done, the artist having been only twenty minutes in its execution, and is done in a masterly manner.—*On canvas.*

25.—FISHERMEN WRECKED.

A very spirited production. The perspective is a range of cliffs admirably executed, the attitudes of the figures expressive, and the anxious fears of the old man are finely pourtrayed. The attention of the artist seems principally to have been directed to the effect of the waves in the fore-ground. Finished with great boldness and skill.—*On canvas.*

26.—THE MILL.

The scenery of this production is highly picturesque, and describes all the beauties that could be appropriately brought into one subject. The broken surface of the fore-ground is filled with incident; the transparent stream, forced down the fall, steals gradually along the quiet vale, the prospect is full of richness and verdure, and, as a whole, the landscape seems to furnish one of those retired and peaceful spots, the habitation of contented innocence.—*On canvas.*

27.—THE GIPSY.

A portrait of a gipsy reclining with her arms on a bank, at her back she has her baggage. It is supposed to be a likeness of the artist's wife, who was a beautiful woman. The execution of this is bold and masterly. —*On canvas.*

28.—THE MOWER.

The figures of the dog and man are very natural; the warm and glowing appearance of the landscape indicates the season of the year.—*On canvas.*

29.—THREE GUINEA-PIGS.

These subjects, so familiar to every one, require but little comment. They are finished with great skill and animation.—*On canvas.*

30.—SNOW-PIECE.

In the representation of the winter's morning, the observer is principally struck with the gloomy and sombre appearance that covers the whole scene. The snow-piece, though a painting of a similar kind, abounds with beauties of a different description. The scene itself, so chilling in appearance, is fraught with nature, and pencilled with a delicacy that would do honor to the best artists of the Flemish school. The light seems reflected from the snow upon the canvas; the colors are rich and mellow. The group of sheep sheltering themselves under the cottage, possess that still character which distinguishes them. The two peasants in the back-ground have a very excellent effect in giving distance to the view; and the streak of light, upon the rise of the hill, gives an appearance of transparency to the snow.—*On canvas.*

31.—LITTLE GIRL DRESSING A CAT.

Though painted in his earliest time, possesses great merit in coloring and effect.—*On pannel.*

32.—THE COURTSHIP, OR STRANGERS AT HOME.

Represents an awkward countryman paying his addresses to a girl equally bashful and simple. It is taken from the following description, "Le Jeune Laboureur faisant la Cour à sa Maîtresse."

"Young Roger, the ploughman, who wanted a mate,
Went along with his daddy a courting to Kate:
With a nosegay so large, in his holiday-clothes,
His hands in his pockets, away Roger goes.

"Now he was as bashful as bashful could be,
And Kitty, poor girl, was as bashful as he,
So he bow'd, and he star'd, and he let his hat fall,
Then he grinn'd, scratch'd his head, and said nothing at all.

"If awkward the swain, no less awkward the maid;
She simper'd and blush'd, with her apron-strings play'd;
Till the old folks, impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed that young Roger and Kate should be one."

33.—VIEW OVER THE COMMON.

A brilliant landscape, representing a vast extent of country in the Isle of Wight, with travellers on the road, executed with much spirit.—*On canvas.*

34.—THE CORNISH PLUNDERERS.

This is considered as the chief of Morland's paintings, and, perhaps, in beauty and effect, may vie with the best productions of any artist. Never was a narrative described with more simplicity or force. The scene is laid in Cornwall. A band of plunderers having observed a ship in distress, at a distance, by hoisting up false lights, decoyed the vessel

upon the neighbouring rocks, where she was soon dashed to pieces. The group of figures is represented as having returned from the plunder of the ship, and examining their booty. No individual painting ever contained more beauties: the characters are happily chosen; they are the sturdy inhabitants of the sea-coast, whose features are hardened by being constantly exposed to scenes of distress, and the inclemencies of the weather. The disposal of the actors is no less judicious; they give life and animation to every part of the scene, without crowding or confusing; and the variety of attitudes, the attention each individual pays to his separate employment, heighten the interest of the spectator. Morland has displayed equal judgment in the choice of his colors: the more rich tints are brought forward in the piece to give effect and distance. The sky, and sombre appearance of the atmosphere, is nothing more than what every spectator, whose observation has been turned to the appearance of nature after a storm, must have remarked. The minor parts of the picture are highly finished, and replete with beauties.—*On canvas.*

35.—WOMAN IRONING.

The admirers of Morland will feel a particular interest in this portrait, commenced by his father, and finished by himself. It possesses, in an eminent degree, spirit, brilliancy, and character; the countenance is full of expression and archness, marked with characteristic simplicity. The projection of the right arm, which seems to leave the canvas, is inimitably executed.—*On canvas.*

36.—WOOD-CUTTERS.

Men cutting wood in the centre of a forest; the richness of the foliage, and delicacy of the figures, are highly beautiful.—*On pannel.*

37.—THE CASTLE.

A view in the Isle of Wight, a beautiful cabinet-picture.—*On pannel.*

38.—CORFE CASTLE, IN DORSETSHIRE.

In the opinion of connoisseurs, this has been considered as the most finished landscape Morland ever produced. On the right are seen the proud remains of Corfe Castle, towering on the high eminence which seems once to have commanded the surrounding country. The stupendous height of the mountain is admirably effected by the many broken surfaces on its side; the rocky hill on the left, and the transparent water on the right, are striking beauties.—*On canvas.*

39.—VIEW IN CORNWALL.

Travellers passing over the dreary heights of Cornwall, a clear and pretty subject.—*On pannel.*

40.—GIPSIES, A LANDSCAPE.

A group lighting a fire, and preparing for their meal; a warm, glowing picture.—*On pannel.*

41.—BOY TEACHING A DOG TO SIT.

Companion to the little girl dressing the cat, and equal in merit.—*On pannel.*

42.—A LANDSCAPE.

Scene near Groomby Pool, Markfield, Leicestershire. The effect of light is remarkable. The horse was the artist's, left at the inn whilst he proceeded on his journey to obtain a view a few miles distant. It is highly finished.—*On canvas.*

43.—SEA VIEW FROM THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

A bold, projecting rock in the sea, delineated with great beauty and force. The surf is breaking on the beach, while the sea, at a distance, appears gently ruffled by the wind.—*On canvas.*

44.—THE SHEPHERD.

The principal figures in this group are designed with great faithfulness and beauty, particularly the dog and sheep. The whole is forcibly touched, and possesses great richness of coloring.—*On canvas.*

45.—A WINTER'S MORNING.

This and the Snow-piece are striking proofs of the diversified powers of Morland's genius. His observation and quick conception led him to a contemplation of the different appearances of nature at every period; he saw, and remembered with the mind of a poet. His winter scenes are marked with the same characteristic propriety as his other paintings; the present subject is inimitably chosen and executed. The horse, having over-reached the door, occasions the farmer to give a more than common turn of his body to receive his beverage. The management of this attitude is well worthy of observation: the hostess, conveying the bason of warm liquor, and treading with infinite care and anxiety, is a very interesting figure. The sportsman gazes on the farmer with the eye of a stranger, as if reading the character in his countenance; and the appearance of the fire through the windows, with the peculiar tint apparently produced in the interior of the cottage by it, is admirable.—*On canvas.*

46.—WOOD-CUTTERS AT DINNER.

Two peasants at their repast. The attitudes of the figures are extremely easy; the distant depth of the wood shaded with great skill.

This composition, in itself simple and chaste, has been exhibited to the public by a fine engraving of Mr. Williamson.—*On canvas.*

47.—SEA VIEW, AND FIGURES.

In the back-ground there is a great boldness, which is relieved by the figures in front, representing fishermen laying up their boat after coming in from their labor. The sky portends an approaching storm, as the dark clouds are gradually overshadowing the brighter parts of the atmosphere.—*On canvas.*

48.—STORM.

In his sea-paintings, Morland acquired an astonishing degree of celebrity: in the early part of his life he devoted much time to the study of marine subjects, residing at that period on the sea-coast. The scene of this painting is laid in the Isle of Wight: the strong effect of dense clouds passing rapidly over the surface of the ocean, denote the approach of danger; the massy fragments of rock seem rooted in their situations rather by the hand of nature than of the artist; the figures in the foreground, securing the means of their subsistence from the effects of the storm, complete the subject: the transparency, fold, and foam of his waves, are admirably executed.—*On canvas.*

49.—GIPSIES REPOSING.

The scenery of this painting is extremely pleasing; without possessing much variety, we feel sufficient interest in the wild simplicity and chasteness it displays; the brown appearance of the vegetation denotes the sterility of the soil; the coloring is particularly soft and mellow.—*On canvas.*

50.—A SAIL IN VIEW.

To the right are two men descrying a ship, beautifully introduced in the distance. An uncommon fine distribution of clouds, touched in a most brilliant style, which, with the perspective so happily observed, forms a most finished production. This picture is greatly admired by connoisseurs, as combining infinite skill and fancy.—*On pannel.*

51.—MOONLIGHT.

This is one of the happiest efforts of his pencil, and cannot fail of exciting the highest admiration. It represents the departure of a fishing-boat by moon-light; the whole scene is most judiciously contrasted by the introduction of appropriate light and shade; it is one of those nights in which the moon is often partially obscured by clouds passing over it, but which, on its emerging, gives a greater degree of brilliancy.—*On canvas.*

52.—THE PASSING SHOWER.

The subject of this piece may be happily contrasted with the land-storm. In executing this, the artist has been attentive to the perspective: on the right of the picture we see the return of fine weather, the eye again penetrates into the distance, which is denied to it on the left by the obscurity and rain; in the distribution of his objects, also, he has effected that variety which Nature refuses to a flat country.—*On canvas.*

53.—THE RETURN OF FISHERMEN.

In firmness of touch, united with delicacy of pencil, clear and brilliant transparency of color, and general air, this painting is in an uncommon degree pleasing. The figures are correctly drawn, and characteristically marked; the fish, and little accompaniments touched with great spirit; the distance and extent of the sea, when properly

viewed, is a very striking beauty; the wave, half curled over, and gradually breaking, displays minute observations of Nature; the rocks and surrounding scenery form a happy combination.—*On canvas.*

54.—GULL-SHOOTING.

The figures are very characteristically expressed: the dark massy rock, that bids defiance to the violence of the waves, and the light reflected on the white cliffs, display infinite judgment and observation. —*On pannel.*

55.—THE GRAVEL-DIGGERS.

In the interior of a gravel-pit are seen six figures, taking their refreshment: on the ground are their different implements for work, touched with a degree of spirit and elegance beyond description: on the brow of the hill, in the perspective, are some sheep grazing. The whole scene is extremely perfect.—*On pannel.*

56.—THE FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

The subject of this piece, and its execution, do infinite honor to the genius of the master. The confused uproar of the elements, the danger impending over the mariners, who have deserted their ship, and the distressing anxiety of the figures in the fore-ground, are objects grand and awful. The chiara oscura is finely managed. The distant cliff, obscurely seen through the hazy atmosphere, is a beauty seldom equalled, and never surpassed. The deep coloring is greatly relieved by the light thrown on the fore-ground and summit of the nearest cliff. This picture is a unique of the kind, and conveys much resemblance to the style of Vandervelde.—*On pannel.*

57.—LANDSCAPE AND FIGURE.

The approach of the storm is finely depicted. In the dark lowering clouds, and agitated appearance of the trees, the distant village, seen through the opening, gives a happy effect and termination to the sight. *On pannel.*

58.—FRESH-WATER CAVE—MOONLIGHT.

The subject discovers a body of smugglers unloading their goods. The general harmony of color, so exceedingly difficult to preserve in scenes of this description, is very happily effected: the clear and silvery appearance of the water, the rippling of the waves against the boat, and the ease and contour of the figures, are finely executed. *On canvas.*

59.—THE ARTIST.

A caricature of himself. It signified not what his subject, so that he had his whim: this is fully evinced, as he certainly has not spared himself.—*On canvas.*

60.—THE SHEEP.

This incomparable picture exceeds the utmost efforts of the pen in its praise. The subject has received life and animation from the pencil, and, together with No. 13, may be considered the finest compositions in this stile that ever appeared.—*On canvas.*

61.—FRUIT-STALL.

This composition is, in the highest degree, chaste, easy, and rich; displaying a great variety, and happy combination of talent. The romantic situation of the cottage, under the canopy of two stately trees, most admirably executed, increases the beauty of the scenery.—The figure of the woman, assuring the doubting carman (who is feeling

for his money with reluctance) that her goods are excellent and not over-rated, is finely drawn: the depth and distance under the stall, which admits the tub and basket, and shews the legs of the man, are shaded and executed with beautiful effect; the vegetables and fruit are highly finished; and nothing can exceed the simplicity exhibited in the countenances of the children, who seem conversing with great eagerness on the perfection of the articles displayed before their longing eyes.—*On canvas.*

62.—THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

The effect of the light in the house, contrasted with the brilliancy of the sky, is excellent. The sheep are finely executed, and the narrow slip in which they are pent, admirably deepened: the stern commanding aspect of the butcher, the submissive attention of the boy, and the inquisitive appearance of the children, are traits of Nature. The style in which they are finished places this small picture on a level with Morland's best productions.—*On canvas.*

63.—MOONLIGHT.

A landscape, with figures, and a cottage on the left; to the right, some water, wherein the moon is reflected with great transparency. It must be considered as among his finest productions.—*On pannel.*

64.—A LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES.

"Rich Industry sits smiling o'er the plains."—*Pope's Pastorals.*

In the production of pastoral scenes, of which this cabinet-painting is an elegant specimen, it is essentially requisite to avoid the affectation of too much study, lest the ease and simplicity of the design, whence our

pleasure arises, should be destroyed. The variety of rural beauties in this little composition, are distributed with great taste and ease; one object succeeds another, and, like the romantic scenes of Salvator Rosa, crowds the canvas with incident and variety.—*On canvas.*

65.—CONVERSATION.

Two countrymen conversing, the countenances of each pourtraying the different characters of the speaker and the attentive listener. The dog asleep is worthy of notice: the coloring of the whole is fine.—*On pannel*

66.—THE CORN-FIELD.

The combination is beautiful; and, though with the least subject, this may be termed one of his sweetest cabinet-pieces. The sheep a finished miniature, and the perspective kept nearly to perfection.—*On pannel.*

67.—THE SPORTSMAN REFRESHING—SNOW-PIECE.

The boldness of this production is its chief merit. The assemblage of circumstances that surround a winter-scene are properly introduced:—

> " ——— The weary clouds,
> " Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom."

The light is distributed with great judgment.—*On canvas.*

68.—THE VIRTUOSO.

A specimen of the singular humour of this extraordinary genius. The original sketch was of a large monkey, which, in one of his whimsical frolics, he changed into the present subject.—*On canvas.*

69.—RETURN OF THE POST-BOY.

The peculiarity of the scene is marked with much novelty. On the left the village is protected by lofty mountains, colored with remarkable softness: the attitudes of the horses and their riders are very judicious: the subject is, in itself, familiar and interesting.—*On pannel.*

70.—THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

It requires little else to be said of this fine painting, than that it is in his best style, and executed in the year 1792, so completely has the artist entered into the minutiæ of the celebrated ballad written by Mr Dibdin, sen.

VERSE 3.

"Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood,
While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire that race,
And what matches he won, to the ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house door,
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

4.

"Till at last, having labor'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate,
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still."

[*On canvas.*

71.—FISHERMEN LANDING THEIR FISH.

This little elegant cabinet piece, may be justly compared with the rest of Morland's marine paintings; the figures are peculiarly appropriate and natural.—*On pannel.*

72.—A SMALL LANDSCAPE.

A romantic view in the Isle of Wight, with figures; finished with uncommon taste and delicacy.—*On pannel.*

73.—A SMALL LANDSCAPE.

A romantic view in the Isle of Wight, with fisherman's hut and figures, beautifully finished. Companion to No. 72.—*On pannel.*

74.—INTERIOR OF A WOOD, WITH FIGURES.

Every part of this composition has received, from the hands of the artist, an expression and power rarely to be met with. The thick foliage of the trees, at the entrance of the wood, with the beautiful perspective in the interior, where the eye is lost by the gloom that pervades it, are happily effected. The figures are truly natural, and accord with the surrounding objects: the design was by a pupil of Morland, with which he was so much delighted, that he finished the picture himself.—*On canvas.*

75.—SOLDIERS ON THEIR MARCH.

A very singular subject: the soldiers, having halted for refreshment, are proceeding on their way, and, by the baggage at their backs, and irregular march, denote well the service they are on, that of being quartered at a new station. The effects of a high wind are well exhibited in the resistance of the soldiers, and the appearance of the countryman, his horse, and the trees. An early production.—*On pannel.*

76.—THUNDER-STORM.

An open common, with a cottage on the left, before it a tree almost torn up by the violence of the storm, from which two figures in the

fore-ground are hastening to shelter themselves: a bold and masterly cabinet-picture. —*On canvas.*

77.—WATERING HORSES.

A landscape, with a view of an extensive open country. A woman, on a rising ground in the centre, gives a fine effect to the distance: to the right a man watering two horses in a pool, at the foot of a high hill, on the summit of which is an old castle.—*On canvas.*

78.—THE SUSPENSE.

Portrait of two females, companion to the Novelists.—*On canvas.*

"This tormenting suspense my fond hopes o'ercast,
Lest the youth of my choice prove unkind:
Be patient, sweet mistress; th' appointment's not past,
And I'm certain he'll not be behind."

79.—ASKING THE WAY.

Exhibits an elegant drawing by Morland; it possesses the same characteristic elegance and simplicity as his painting.

80.—THE WEARIED TRAVELLERS.

A drawing.

81.—A GROUP OF FIGURES.

Scene in St. James's Park, a group of figures; an early production of this artist.—*On canvas.*

83.—A SKIRMISH.

A remarkably fine drawing.

84.—PORTRAITS OF AN ASS AND GOATS.

Portraits of animals; bold and rich in coloring.—*On canvas.*

85.—SOLDIER'S FAREWEL.

An officer taking leave of his family, with sorrow in their countenances.—*On canvas.*

86.—SNOW-PIECE, WITH HORSES.

This piece describes very finely the rude desolation of winter: the chilly aspect of the country, and the distressed appearance of the cattle, endeavouring to shield themselves from the effects of the cold, render it a fac-simile of Nature.—*On canvas.*

87.—SOLDIER'S RETURN.

The officer's return to his family spreading joy and happiness: this, and No. 85, are specimens of his early genius, introduced to shew the progress of this singular artist.—*On canvas.*

88.—TWO SHEPHERDS UNDER A TREE.

The characters of the two shepherds watching their flocks, are drawn with attentive observation; the foliage of the tree spreading itself over the whole piece, is finely painted, and the distance well kept.—*On pannel.*

89.—SNOW PIECE.

The laborers returning home, loaded with wood; to the right a boy sliding. A clear picture.—*On canvas.*

90.—BAGNIGGE WELLS.

The group represents the artist and his family; an early production.—*On canvas.*

92.—INTERIOR OF A WOOD, WITH FIGURES.

The grace and spirit of this drawing, are deserving of attention.

93.—THE NOVELISTS.

Portraits of two females, supposed to be his sister and wife: this, and its companion, are specimens of his early productions.—*On canvas.*

95.—BUST OF MR. GEORGE MORLAND.

Taken immediately after his death, under the inspection of his brother-in-law, Mr. Ward; executed by P. Turnerelli, Greek-street, Soho.

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